Sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XIX. No. 525. SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A 414013

For contents of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

UM ALFERES

(Portuguese Lieutenant.)

"Since our Country took charge of a few German boats that happened to be getting foul for the want of activity I have paid a visit to England. I came for two reasons: one was to study the great military organisation that has been built up in less than two years, the other to study the attitude of the people. Curiously enough, what I noticed most was that wherever I moved, both in Military and Civilian circles, all the men seemed to smoke 'Cavander's Army Club Cigarettes.' I tried them, and now there will be a lot going to Portugal, for my countrymen appreciate a good smoke."

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"ARMY CLUB"
CIGARETTES
20 for 9d.
50 for 1/10½

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BEADED EDGE TYRES **5/6**

are machine-made—so they fit exactly. Their low price is genuine for the same reason; — machine making means large output at reduced cost without affecting value.

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2/9 INNER TUBES

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"May I—?" "Yes, if it's Bondman"

Ladies like the delicious fragrance of Bondman. You can smoke it in the drawing-room, at the pictures, anywhere and everywhere. It is just the best baccy a tanner will buy.

Smokes slow, burns evenly,——.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

Per 6D oz.

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Rich, Ruddy, Virginia Tobacco.

Strafe the Insects!

Absolutely Exterminates . . . Kills outright, and not merely stupefies for the time being . . . That's what I.K does.

Deal sudden death to disease-carrying, obnoxious insect pests, such as fleas, beetles, lice, wood vermin, etc. Get a tin of Hawley's I.K. at once, and you'll quickly get rid of them. Hawley's is a new discovery, containing vegetable alkaloids, and is invaluable to Soldiers in training, Munition Workers, and others as a preventive against disease.

I.K. is scientifically prepared, easy to use, sweet-smelling fine powder, put up in handy sprinkler tins. Get a tin to-day. Sprinkle it in chinks and crannies, and in the morning the pests are ready for the brush, shovel and dust-bin. *From chemists, etc., everywhere.*

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Evans, Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., London and Liverpool.

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The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 18.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XIX. No. 525. Week ending Saturday, June 24th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER*."

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The Big "Push."

It is coming at last; and when it is all over, we may venture to inquire who was responsible for its delay.

What We Expected.

Of course there is a "hitch in the Irish negotiations." Whoever expected anything else? Artless Lloyd George—Artful Asquith!

Political Storms Brewing.

There is trouble in Downing Street. Watch Lord Lansdowne.

Unfounded Rumour.

There is no truth in the rumour that, in addition to assuming the post of Secretary for War, Mr. Lloyd George proposes to retain the Munitions portfolio, and also to take over the Irish Secretaryship.

To Isle of Wight Readers.

We were very disappointed at being compelled, at the last moment, to postpone our visit to the island—which, we are assured, was "agog with excitement." Still, a visit deferred maketh the heart beat with hope.

September Men.

"Why not select as Lord Kitchener's successor someone born in September? Both he and Nelson, and several other of our greatest men, were all born in that month." Thus writes one of our lady readers. We were under the impression, however, that Lord Kitchener was born on June 24th—the date of this issue. A much better plan would be to take the Christian names——!

Naval Announcements

Isn't it about time we ceased fooling ourselves over the recent North Sea battle? Of course our sailors did magnificently—they can always be relied upon for that; but the grim fact remains that, on the authority of Admiral Jellicoe himself, we were deprived of "a complete victory," and that, at best, our losses were not greater than those of the enemy. *This must not happen again.*

Oh, That Weather!

And haven't we heard almost enough about the weather, whenever any big event in connection with the war has to be explained? It is always the weather which enables the Zeppelins to return safely home; it was the weather which prevented destroyers accompanying the *Hampshire*; it was the weather which prevented a "complete victory" in the recent North Sea engagement; and it was the weather which prevented our relieving Kut! Will there never be any favourable weather conditions of which *we* may take advantage?

"Please, it Wasn't Me."

Placards are now appearing on the Germhun hoardings announcing that the Kaiser is not to be held responsible for the war. The Devil might as well post placards explaining that he isn't responsible for hell.

Their German Mothers.

"His mother being a German, he could not be expected to want to fight the Germans," said a student, charged with failing to attend for Military service. Exactly.

Still They Come.

This from Mr. J. L. Garvin, of *Observer* (and at one time *Pall Mall*) fame:—"There has been nothing like the growth of JOHN BULL since Jack and the Beanstalk, and if you had given yourself wholly to journalism you would have been in all sorts of directions the biggest circulation-maker of our time!" Thanks, "J. L.," and more power to your—paragraphs!

War Badges.

At last the Government has made up its mind to issue badges to those who, in one form and another, have done, or are doing, their bit in the war. But what about the women? We are glad to see, however, from an announcement which appears elsewhere, that every wife, mother and sister of a soldier will be able to wear a distinctive brooch.

That Tunnel.

Has it occurred to you what a colossal blunder we made in not building the Channel Tunnel? Granting its practicability from an engineering point of view—as to which we believe there is no question—there has never, to our way of thinking, been any sound argument against the scheme. Just reflect how it would have helped us in the war.

Talkative Ministers.

Here is what a reader tells us: "Yesterday I and a friend had two stalls for the Empire, Leicester Square, and about 9.45 a prominent politician—an ex-member of the Cabinet—accompanied by another gentleman, came and sat directly behind me. He did not stop speaking all the time about our new explosive, and about Sweden's attitude, and as to various things the Government was doing in relation to both matters. I wondered whether any German spy happened to be sitting near!" Oh, those cacklers!

A Cheap Holiday.

If you are unable to afford a holiday, turn to page 24 and learn how to enjoy one without cost.

We Insure You and Your Home Free. See page iii of cover.

Unholy Joy.

A well-authenticated story tells of rejoicing and jollification, at the house of a naturalised German at Nottingham, over the loss of British lives in the North Sea battle. The local police are said to be following the matter up, and "it is hoped something will be done." To get rid of such dangerous and offensive gentry the district should be proclaimed a prohibited area, considering that there are two munition establishments within five miles. If the gloating Germans, naturalised and otherwise, were cleared out, their smile would be on the other side of the face.

Young Hebrews and the Flag.

Schoolmasters in Leeds register a grave complaint about the action of certain teachers at a Jewish school in the city. Hebrew boys were forbidden to make holiday on Empire Day, were punished if they did so, and one teacher, in the Talmud Torah, instructed his class not to salute the Union Jack, because it is "not their flag," and means "nothing to them." Just what is the flag of the Jews we fail, momentarily, to remember, but we appreciate the position of the masters, who say their lessons in citizenship and patriotism are thwarted by such proceedings.

The Soldier's Legacy.

Think of these bitter facts. First, a brave boy, killed in action, who by his will bequeathed £12 to his mother. Next, learn that the mother had been maintained in the workhouse hospital at Nantwich for twelve months, at a cost of 7s. 6d. a week. Thirdly, realise that the Guardians have instructed their Clerk to recover the cost of the mother's maintenance from her son's loving legacy. Of course it is "the law." Guardians may do such things; in fact, they are bidden to do such things. But even Nelson turned a blind eye once. Do the Nantwich Guardians think the ratepayers would have sorrowed had they neglected their "duty" in this distressing case?

The Happy Family.

A German hairdresser—late of Colchester, now of an internment camp—left his wife and children to the care of the Guardians, and they are doing very nicely, thank you. The wife has just asked for an extra 9d. weekly for each of her six children, and the Guardians, much protesting, were compelled to grant her modest request, because of a recent order of the L.G.B. The woman now receives £1 4s. 3d. a week from the Guardians, and draws another 11s. from other sources, so, with £1 15s. 3d., and her husband maintained in comfort by the State, she is better off than ever she was in her life. British applicants to Boards of Guardians seldom receive such profuse allowances; there is preferential treatment for the enemy, By Order.

By George!

The Ministry of Munitions recently ordered the erection of some elaborate offices to house the manager and clerks connected with certain danger buildings not ten thousand miles from London. The job lasted three months, and on it were employed 90 men—bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and labourers—numbers so out of proportion to the work that they were a positive nuisance and hindrance to one another. The bricklayers, carpenters, painters, and labourers each had a foreman—strong, able-bodied men of military age, whose arduous duties consisted of watching their underlings do the work. Each of the men employed on the job, not excepting the labourers, worked with a mate. When there was nothing to do, the time was pleasantly passed in playing "shove 'a'penny." Double time was paid for Sundays, overtime for Saturday afternoons, and time-and-a-half after 4.40 on other days—a full week's pay amounting on the average to £4 14s. 6d. Pop goes the weasel!

Robbery in the Matchbox.

Some of the match manufacturers are now on the swindle. Not satisfied with making a handsome profit on the new tax, they are mixing the matches with a considerable percentage of undipped wood strips, which of course do not strike at all. In one box we opened the other day, there were not fewer than twenty-five of these useless strips, and other boxes have passed into our hands during the last few weeks containing a similarly large admixture of dummies. Next swindle, please!

Pampered Huns.

We sympathise with the indignation of readers who have stumbled upon the Annual Statement of the "Emergency Committee for the Assistance of Germans, Austrians and Hungarians in Distress." At a time like the present, the cry "Help the Germans!" has a hateful sound to British ears, and the news that "boxes of cut flowers are sent from British homes at regular intervals to the bedside of sick prisoners, civilian and military, in nearly all the internment camps"—if it be true, which we can scarcely believe—is nauseous reading for all but traitors. Remember Wittenberg!

The Warrior and the Workhouse.

A poignant incident occurred at the West London Police-court the other day, when a soldier asked Mr. Fordham, the Magistrate, whether, having his wife's ring papers, he might draw the money, his wife being in prison for drunkenness and there being four children to support. Mr. Fordham said no, and that the only thing was to let the children be cared for in the workhouse. "So I am to be a soldier for King and Country while my children go into the workhouse!" exclaimed the man. We think Mr. Fordham could have proffered more helpful and cheerful advice. He might, for example, have said: "Go to 93, Long Acre, and put your case before JOHN BULL." No gallant soldier's children will go into the workhouse when we can prevent it.

Adding to Her Trouble.

At Godalming police court is a Magistrate who fails to appreciate that we are at war. A woman, with a sick daughter, was summoned for not sending her girl to school regularly. The woman also has a stricken father to attend to; she has lost a son at the front, and a brother. Her husband, after 14 months in France, is still there, fighting. So she is worried, financially and in her thoughts. The fine imposed was 2s. 6d., and the poor thing declared they must send to her soldier husband for the money. Graciously she was granted a week to pay, and she blurted out, "Well, it won't get paid in a week." We cannot blame her indignation; in fact, we share it. To add to the troubles of such a woman was sheer cruelty. School Officers and Magistrates should hold their hands in such cases, for these are not normal times. Mercy and lenity are not criminal offences.

A Dutiful Wife.

The duties of Shops Act Inspectors are, for the most part, light and easy, a good deal of the dirty work falling to the lot of their faithful wives. At Ickwell (Bedfordshire), on a recent closing day, Mrs. Inspector Poole tried the door of a grocer's shop and found it barred and bolted according to the strict letter of the Act. Nothing daunted, Mrs. Poole rattled the handle till the door was opened, when she enjoyed the extreme felicity of wheedling the proprietress into the illicit sale of a quarter of a pound of tea. At the Biggleswade Police Court, the fair temptress explained that she had discharged this gentle and lady-like task "under the instructions of her husband"—the Shops Act Inspector for the County. A fine of one shilling was recorded; and if Inspector Poole is a gentleman, he will treat his wife on pay-day to something large and nice.

Will Last a Life-time. The "J.B." Pen.

Loyalty in Business.

When an Englishman went to the States and started work in a motor-car factory at Detroit, he was handed a printed notice containing these stern intimations:—"Promotions will be given only to those who are native born or naturalised citizens of the United States, or to those of foreign birth who have relinquished their foreign citizenship. . . . A pre-requisite to employment by this Company must be loyalty to our Government and our flag, in addition to loyalty to the Company itself." The first part of this notice seems to be admirable; the second portion unimpeachable.

A Record Reason.

The heights of sublimity were scaled by the Cheltenham Tribunal when it considered the plea for exemption urged by a local hairdresser. He, good fellow, is a father as well as a barber—the father of a little girl. She, pretty maiden, "has been learning the piano for two years." *Ergo*—should *he go*, should the father join the Colours, then the child must cease her training on the ivories and the box of wires. We scarcely expect to be believed, but it is true that the Cheltenham Tribunal considered the plea conclusive, and exempted the man till September 29th. Lots of people are quite annoyed—and we wonder what the next door neighbours are thinking!

The Hated Hun.

Following upon the published reports of the shocking treatment accorded to British prisoners-of-war in the hands of the Germans in South West Africa, General Botha has been pressed for an assurance that "the perpetrators will be brought to justice in the ordinary way." In the circumstances, it was perhaps unfortunate that the Premier should have returned no more direct reply to this demand than that "we should take no revenge"—meaning, we take it, that there will be no petty reprisals upon German prisoners in British custody. If General Botha meant more than this, he has spoken for once without his book; and in any case his pronouncement leaves a good deal unsaid.

"Pro-deegious!"

In a poor quarter of Auld Reekie—*alias* Edinburgh—the inhabitants were invited to attend an address by a titled lady on the subject of "War Economy," wherein the said puir bodies were to be shown how to save and to make more of their scanty bawbees. And, when her leddyship arrived at the hall, law, sirs, sic' a sight! She turned up in a huge, luxurious motor-car, with not only her chauffeur in front, but a footman perched up on high as well. And she got on the platform in her confection, or costume, or gown, or whatever it is called, of the maist expensif! And tauld the auld wives it was their duty to deny themselves sugar and to be sparing with the tea, and kept on for an hour like that. And the canny folk are still speering anent the example she set.

Serious or Silly?

Miss Joan Mary Fry writes about "our brave men coming back from Germany after having been, in some instances, kept in dark cells and fed on bread and water," and she expresses "resentment at the cruelty which could inflict such treatment on helpless prisoners." Then, running amok, she asks what are our feelings "when we learn that there are Englishmen in our own military prisons who have been subjected to similar treatment, with the addition of being put in irons for part of the day," because they are conscientious objectors. The facts, she dares to say, are "far too much alike." When a woman can seriously compare the tortures inflicted by the horrid Huns with our own methods, we wonder to what lengths her fanaticism will next drive her. But perhaps she is not serious; just simply silly.

"The Pageant of Dickens."

If you were disappointed in securing a copy of Mr. Walter Crotch's book, you now have an opportunity of getting one, if you are quick—before the second edition is sold out.

Bottomley, As He Is.

And speaking of books, don't forget that on the 29th will be published Mr. Raymond Blathwayt's study of the Editor—"Horatio Bottomley: The Man As He Is To-day."

Prisoners of War.

Switzerland's example in sheltering a number of British prisoners invalided from Germany is one that might be studied with advantage by other neutral nations. Germany's food troubles may yet mean disaster for our men in her prisons, already miserably underfed and kept alive only by contributions of food from home. A pooling of prisoners in the hands of all belligerents, and their removal into neutral territory, would solve the trouble and displace the shadow of death. America, Holland, Spain, and Scandinavia should make the offer and the effort.

A Sorry Wage.

There is scant sympathy for strikers at present, but one cannot think harshly of men on the Londonderry and Lough Swilly Railway, who struck because they want their wages advanced to as much as 16s. per week. It is not an extortionate demand; a man can scarcely keep and clothe himself and family on less. To grapple with the strike, we read that Sir John McFarland, Bart., Managing Director of the railway, turned out in his shirt-sleeves, to wheel trucks and load wagons. If the worthy baronet received less than 16s. for his week's work, we assure him that he earned, and deserved, more. So do the men who do the work, not once for fun, but year in and year out for very existence.

Honi Soit.

A young lady was seen walking in the West End the other day, showing a good four inches of white, plump calf. This interval between the top of her cream-coloured half-hose and her abbreviated skirt gave pause to many staggered passers-by. We are more interested than alarmed by such an innovation in feminine fashions. We will guarantee to look upon a bare and shapely leg with as much equanimity as the next man; but we cannot forbear from speculating as to where this sort of thing is going to end. Londoners have often been accused of being a downward gazing people, indifferent to the beauty of the skies and the architectural glories of the Metropolis. If the fashion we have referred to should spread, we fear the erector muscles of the male eyelid will become atrophied by disuse, and that before long it will be possible to look upwards only at the risk of a cricked neck.

Against the Rules.

The scene was (Blank) Docks, somewhere on the (Blank) coast. The time was after breakfast, and the men on board one of H.M. ships were ordered to prepare for visitors. They came—a couple of ladies, escorted by the ship's gallant Captain. One of the dear things carried something wrapped in brown paper. After inquiring if the new destroyer had gone and receiving a negative answer, the Captain and his fair guests retired below. The next incident occurred when the new destroyer was observed to be leaving, for then up on deck came the girls. They took the brown paper from their—*camera*, and photo'd the departing boat. They also took a picture of H.M.S. (Blank) in dry—*i.e.*, floating—dock. Then they wrapped the camera up once more and returned ashore, thus ending a story that is no fairy tale but a record of an actual occurrence which was contrary to regulations and by no means in line with the public interests.

A Paper Worthy of the Home is "Everywoman's."

Spare Time.

Advertisement from a Sheffield newspaper: "Munitions worker wants evening employment, and week ends; used to dismantling." We gathered from Mr. Lloyd George that it was necessary to postpone the Whitsun holiday because the munitions factories were rather busy; this man, in the heart of Sheffield, evidently cannot find a full-time job. Why not employ him to dismantle some of the Government departments?

A Legal Loophole.

At a recent session of the Gloucester Tribunal, a bold claim was advanced by the Military Representative, Mr. Stamford Hutton. "He might find it necessary," he said, "to disregard the decision of the Tribunal and call the man up as though no decision had been given." In their modesty, the members of the Tribunal seem to have accepted this position as a true statement of the law; and a recent decision in the King's Bench Division certainly seems to lend colour to the military claim. From which it appears that the old proverb about "Acts of Parliament" and "coaches-and-four" is by no means outworn in these days of motor-cars.

Given Away.

Let us hope there are not many British mothers like this one, as depicted in the advertising columns of a Portsmouth newspaper: "Would lady adopt little girl, 7 years, fair, for love; no premium?" Surely not in many places can Britain have so lost her sense of motherhood as to be willing to give away her children at such an age as this? What is the explanation? Is the woman hampered in her social freedom by the existence of this child; too idle to work for the little one she has brought into the world; or too ill and too poor to feed and clothe and educate her own flesh and blood any longer? That advertisement hides a shocking story, whichever way you regard it.

"His Own Claim."

Mr. H. D. Cherry-Downes, Military Representative at Newark-on-Trent, takes exception to our recent paragraph commenting upon his application for his own exemption. He tells us that the maltsters' business which he manages has asked for the release of only five men—including himself—out of 139 of military age, two of the five being certified as medically unfit. He informs us that he would have taken a commission in the autumn of 1914, but the head of the firm, who had retired from business, preferred that—although over fifty years of age—he should himself return to the Army, leaving Mr. Cherry-Downes to carry on the business, one of the largest of its kind in the country. Being unable, in these circumstances, to follow his own wish to join the Army, he has given up much time to the performance of his duties before the Tribunal. We agree that these circumstances reflect credit upon Mr. Cherry-Downes and the firm, but still fail to see that he is any more indispensable than some of the managers of big provision firms, dairies, grocers, etc., whose exemptions he opposed.

An Amazing Assertion.

That German residents in a British colony should object to the singing of a patriotic song in a British school is in keeping with the sublime insolence of the Hun; but that the British authorities should on that account withdraw the song, and reprimand the schoolmaster, is frankly incredible. Yet, we have the authority of the *Montreal Daily Star* for the statement that this is what has actually happened in the Canadian territory of Saskatchewan. Can it conceivably be true?

"Suggestion" for Shell-Shock.

A section of the medical press points out that sufferers from shell-shock are cured more quickly in France, and still more so in Germany. The number of such cases is very large, and the treatment adopted here is mainly on the lines of the rest cure. Germany treats its sufferers by *suggestion*—which is not hypnotism, but is, perhaps, an allied science. Medical men urge the establishment of a hospital for 100 trial patients, to be treated by suggestion, alleging that the results achieved abroad have been so remarkable that we cannot afford to ignore them. If the figures of recovery in Germany and France are true, then the argument is proven, and the experiment should be made.

In the Seats of the Mighty.

Two Tommies went to church. It was in Peebles. We put it like that as a preparation for what follows. Just when they were seated, somebody suggested they "might go up further." Thinking this meant further up the seat, they moved along to the other end of it. And then they found out their woeful error. For somebody, sitting behind, tapped one of them smartly on the shoulder and observed, "Do you know that you are sitting in the seat of well-to-do people?" We are glad to say that the soldiers sat there, ignoring the gratuitous insult, but we can imagine their thoughts. We trust they saw the ridiculous, as well as the rude, side, for that bridling concern about "well-to-do people" is worthy of Barrie at his best. And the church, you know, was a Peebles church.

Booty in the Bath.

Heanor District Council proposes to cut a foot off each door to the cubicles at the public baths, to prevent the pilfering prevalent on the premises. One boy had a pair of new boots taken, and a rubbishy couple substituted, so the Council thinks it time to adopt energetic measures. A Mr. Walker, however, deprecated discussion, saying, "It will not be very creditable to Heanor if this gets in the papers. It will be in JOHN BULL as safe as we are here." We are happy to confirm, and perhaps ensure, the safety of Heanor Councillors—so here "it" is, as prophesied by the alarmed Mr. Walker. But we can assure Heanor that we have heard of mean thefts in other baths besides theirs. A little watchfulness should soon spot the offender. Baths are for cleanliness, and dirty thieves are out of place in them.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"HEREFORD TIMES":—
"Herefordshire Volunteer Training Corps: No. 2 Platoon will CARRY 25 RIFLES AND FIVE ROUNDS BLANK AMMUNITION PER MAN, together with sufficient ammunition for No. 6 Platoon."

"EXETER EXPRESS AND ECHO" (advertisement):—
"Lost, Thursday last . . . a STRIPED LADY'S silk scarf."

"PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS":—
"The enemy SPRANG TWO MILES."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST":—
"———, on going into a field to bring the sows in for MILKING, was suddenly attacked by a pedigree bull."

"WOOD GREEN SENTINEL" (advertisement):—
"Wanted at once, TEMPORARILY RESPECTABLE young person as daily, principally in the mornings."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE" (advertisement):—
"'Rescue' Lodge of Good Templars. Scottish Night . . . Wednesday, at 8.15 . . . EVERYBODY WELCOME. NO ADMISSION."

"YORKSHIRE TELEGRAPH AND STAR":—
"The port of Wilhelmshafen is rigidly closed, no doubt LEST VISITORS SHOULD SEE WHAT IS NOT THERE."

"IDEAS":—
"He . . . gave a meaning wink and LICKED HIS TONGUE."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To King Constantine of Greece.

MY DEAR "TINO,"—Would it be impertinent to inquire what you are playing at? The latest reports from your capital are of a most disquieting nature; and, if there is any vigour left in our diplomacy, you will be invited to apologise for the insults lately offered to the Allied Legations—with the connivance, and even the active assistance, of the Athens police. It is hard to reconcile such manifestations with the "benevolent neutrality" which is your favourite pose, or with any legitimate course to Greek public policy. Why not be wise in time and come on the winning side?

JOHN BULL.

To General Brusiloff, Russian Commander.

GALLANT GENERAL,—Your victorious advance is a source of high encouragement to the whole of the Allied peoples; and our satisfaction is deepened by the knowledge that your masterly movements are part of a strategic whole, in which, at the selected moment, we shall bear our appointed share. Meanwhile, to you and to your heroic troops belongs the lasting credit of having initiated the great Allied offensive which shall compass the final ruin of the Germanic Powers. Your mighty achievements are the realisation of my unfailing confidence in the ultimate triumph of your arms.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord D'Abernon, Chairman, Central Liquor Control Board.

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—I hear that in the City of Carlisle you have made terms with the "mammon of unrighteousness"—the local breweries and taverns having been bought up by your Board, to be run in future on "model" lines. It is an interesting experiment, and I shall be glad to hear how you get on, although my experience of your methods does not encourage extravagant hopes. I shall expect you, however, to be scrupulously fair to the Licensed Victuallers and the Brewery and Hotel staffs whom you are "taking over"; in such sweeping reforms as you contemplate the claims of common justice are apt to be overlooked. And whatever you do, don't water the beer.

JOHN BULL.

To Judge Hughes, Presidential Candidate, New York.

DEAR SIR,—I don't know enough about you to say very much, but I have read sufficient these past few days to believe that you will give Mr. Wilson a good run for his money. Roosevelt, it is true, says the only difference 'twixt Wilson and you is that you grow whiskers. I venture to hope that the difference is greater than that, for more than any other American, Wilson has succeeded in making Unk Sam ridiculous. "I stand for the rights of Americans," you told the Republican Convention; Mr. Wilson merely sits to shed their ink. I shall watch the progress of your candidature with interest.

JOHN BULL.

To Major L. N. de Rothschild, M.P.

MY DEAR MAJOR,—Personally I think you were let off easily at the Hythe Petty Sessions when you were fined £25 and your licence endorsed for having head lights on your car and for failing to produce your driving licence. You pleaded your military duty as an excuse for not attending at the previous Sessions, but does it not occur to you that one who has been zealous in the enforcement of the law as Military Representative at the City of London Tribunal ought to be himself punctilious in obeying the law? Not only did you use bright head lights which could be seen for more than a mile, but you continued to use them after the police had stopped you. Why you should have brought Lord Montagu's name into the matter I cannot understand, nor can I excuse your suggestion to the constable, when the summons was served on you, that it would give you time to "stop the proceedings." Do you know that under the Defence of the Realm Act you were liable to a fine of £100 or six months' imprisonment with hard labour? You should count yourself lucky, my dear Major.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rector of Willington, Durham.

REV. SIR,—A pork-butcher at Willington declared to the Tribunal, "If I have to go away, it will mean my business going to a German." Whereupon you, sir, like a godly, righteous man, anxious to put things straight, observed that "The German lady who owned another business was very respectable and well liked in the town." Let me suppose you meant to do good; the fact remains that you set about it very clumsily. With complacency—if not with approval—you contemplated a German "lady" seizing the business of an Englishman, because she is so shiningly respectable and so eminently "liked" by the townspeople, among whom you doubtless number your reverend self. Not a word is reported from you on behalf of that man—with a wife and four children—who might have to see his business wrecked and his home a ruin. To all appearances you were content that it should be so; you said nothing to the contrary, perhaps feeling satisfied that events should take that course as a reward for the assertive respectability of the lady purveyor of pork. Why not sympathise with the perplexities of your fellow-countryman, instead of hurrying to gush over the virtues of the German "lady" who would take his trade? Where do you get your own bit o' crackling?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Alderman Sir Charles Wakefield, Lord Mayor of London.

MY LORD MAYOR,—As you may imagine, I am warmly in sympathy with your appeal to the rival religionists to sink their paltry differences and unite in the establishment of "one great British Church"; but I am afraid you have a long and difficult row to hoe if your notion is ever to be more than a pleasant dream. However, your courage is to be commended, and the vigorous discussion that has resulted is all to the good—even though it has served here and there to emphasise the differences you seek to suppress. At any rate, you have shown the way of wisdom and have rendered no small service to the cause of "pure religion, undefiled."

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor C. E. Taylor, Shoreditch, London.

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—It seems that your child was lately "sick of a fever," and there being no room in the Fever Hospital, was accommodated in the Shoreditch Infirmary. I should not dream of giving publicity to these domestic details had they not been followed by important public consequences, culminating in your resignation from the Board of Guardians. It appears that in the circumstances of your child's admission to the Infirmary the eagle eye of the law discerned some sort of "contract" with the Board, and—well, there you were! However, I hope you will get yourself re-elected without loss of time. Meanwhile, accept my sympathy.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Thomas Jones, Workhouse Master, Lambeth.

DEAR SIR,—I think you have well won the £50 gratuity presented to you by the Guardians. A Workhouse Master who has the interests of the ratepayers sufficiently at heart to save £478 on the egg supply and £212 on other provisions in six months by making purchases in the open market, as a protest against victimisation by exorbitant contractors, is a boon and a blessing, and must come pretty near to being the only Jones in his own special line of workhousing. Ever applied for an appointment in the Provision Department of the War Office?

JOHN BULL.

To Sir John Bradbury, Secretary to the Treasury, London.

MY DEAR BRAD.,—Do please take an early opportunity of withdrawing the large numbers of filthy and dilapidated £1 and 10s. Treasury Notes now in circulation. Instruct all banks and post-offices to retain such notes as they come in and return them to the Treasury, and the thing is done. Some of them have spotted fever, others look as though they had the Germhun measles—and others smell like a manure factory. In common decency, have mercy on us.

JOHN BULL.

GIVE THE NAVY EYES!

WHY IT WAS ROBBED OF A CRUSHING VICTORY OVER THE GERMANS.

By N. PEMBERTON BILLING, M.P.

"I CONSIDER that so far as the present moment is concerned, one of the gravest and most important problems to be solved is to see that our Fleet is, at least as far as observation goes, on equal terms with that of the enemy if and when it does come out." That is a quotation from the speech I made in the House of Commons on the day I took my seat in that "august assembly," just three months ago. I was sent to Parliament to plead for the creation of a great Imperial Air Service, and, incidentally, to see that our splendid Navy did not continue blind for want of airships. Since then the enemy—whom a picturesque and instinctively combative politician was to "dig out like a rat from its hole"—has come out of its own accord. And what was the result? I have quite enough to do in speaking and criticising, as one well informed on matters of aviation, without trying to claim any expert naval knowledge. But I say unhesitatingly that it is quite arguable that we were robbed of a great naval victory—one which might have brought this war to a speedy if not a sudden end—because our Fleet was blind.

An Unfair Handicap.

Let me take a popular illustration, one which appeals to me because I was for some years "a bit of a boxer." I have stood in the ring on many occasions, using hands and eyes—yes, particularly eyes, for all they were worth. What do you think would have been my chances if I had been blindfolded while my opponent was able to use both his eyes? Why, of course, the other fellow would have walked round me, hitting out when and where he chose—and I, who might have been the finer boxer, would have been, if not "huddled and impotent"—a phrase which, used in connection with Zepplelin raids over England, has greatly annoyed some of my critics—at any rate no match for the man with eyes to see with. And those of my readers who understand the fistic science will follow me when I say that, assuming one boxer is a "thought reader"—the finest gift for the ring—it gives him an immeasurable advantage, as he knows just where the other is about to try to punch him. This is no far-fetched simile, no extravagant illustration. That was exactly the advantage to Germany when the opposing Fleets met in the North Sea and fought until the enemy made a strategic retreat to her own water and the safety of the Kiel Canal.

It May Have Silenced the Kaiser.

Now it is a bitter and a humiliating thought that, if our Fleet had had the eyes which the Zeppelins gave to the Germans, the Kaiser would never have been able to make even the idle boast with which we are told he has been endeavouring to stimulate the drooping spirits of his deluded people. Our splendid sailors had been waiting for "The Day" more eagerly than the enemy who had long toasted "Der Tag" in mess and ward room. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that Beatty and his brave cruiser squadron deliberately desired to lure on the German High Sea Fleet until they were involved with our super-Dreadnoughts. It is quite likely that such was his intention. If it was, he was baulked of his legitimate prey; he was robbed of that resounding victory which would have echoed across the fields of war—because his ships were blind. The Germans had their Zeppelins hovering high up in the air. They could see for miles. They were able to wireless to the German Fleet all that they saw over a distance of fifty miles, and so were able to engage a vastly inferior force and do big damage. I do not deny that in a technical sense victory was ours. But how different would have been the result if we had possessed airships which could have kept our Fleet informed of the movements of the enemy!

Overcoming Weather Conditions.

Not for the first time complete and crushing success has been denied to our sailors by atmospheric conditions. It was so in the Heligoland Bight, when but for the quick enveloping mist we might have made rings round Tirpitz's men. And it was the same in this bigger and more important scrap. "Low visibility" was in favour of the Germans; "but for the fog," &c., the Germans would not have escaped. Yes, but think of it! These fogs and mists on the seas are often quite local and low down—they are patchy. The German Zeppelins, hovering high up in the air, five thousand to ten thousand feet above the sea, can cast the range of their vision far beyond a mere wall of fog or a field of haze. They are the eyes of the Fleet, and they communicate through the nerves of the Fleet—the wireless—to the brains of the fleet—the Admiral in command. That was what gave the Germans a great and an unfair advantage. They pounded away with their superior ships and superior guns at our Cruiser Fleet, and long before our Battle Fleet—the mighty super-Dreadnoughts—came within range, they knew of their coming, and so—forewarned being forearmed—they speedily showed our Navy a clean pair of heels. "Poor fighting," you may say—"unsportsmanlike, un-English." Well, first of all they are Germans—and that counts for a lot; and, in the second place, by clearing off they live to fight another day. The German Fleet, being admittedly inferior as a Fleet, can never afford deliberately to engage in battle with our full Navy. The possession of the Zeppelin affords them the opportunity of engaging our ships only when they are in superior force.

The Eyes of the Zeppelin.

I contend that the Germans quite likely would have been blasted to bits by our gallant gunners if they had remained to face the force of equal strength. And they would have been ignorant of the extent of that force until it was upon them, with the rush and roar of its guns but for the eyes which the Zeppelin provides. My speeches made three months ago were prophetic—of course they were. Anyone who knows the subject and is not wilfully blind quite realised the terrible handicap under which our Fleet would fight on "The Day" because of the lack of airships. Imagine what would be the position of the Allied troops in Flanders if Germany alone had aeroplanes and we were not equally able to see what the enemy was doing. "We hear and read of a new Trafalgar, and there are rumours of a coming naval raid. Is it too much to ask that our Grand Fleet should cease to be handicapped in its movements by this never-ceasing flow of information conveyed to the German Admiralty by these spies of the air? We can exterminate these Zeppelins, and we must exterminate them. I think it is a tragedy that while the German navy has fifty—nay, a hundred—eyes, our own is blind. If the German Grand Fleet engages our ships, we shall be operating under conditions which are not favourable to a very great and a very serious occasion." Well, the great and serious occasion has come, and our blind Fleet fought well. It would have fought to a crushing victory but for its blindness. It is up to you, the readers of JOHN BULL—to the British nation—to see that our Navy gets its eyes, and gets them quickly, as that journal has so long advocated.

HONOUR OUR HEROES.

FOR THE WARRIOR, THE DANGER—FOR THE LAWYER, THE SPOILS.

By A. G. Hales.

LAST week we welcomed to London a contingent of the gallant Anzac lads who had performed so valorously on the fields of France. It warmed a man's heart to see how the old grey city rose in all its splendour to pay tribute to the Empire's sons from overseas. Men and women of all degrees vied with each other in their efforts to please and praise, and the Anzacs appreciated to the full the warmth of their welcome. Gaunt and grim the young warriors looked in their war gear, true sons of a fighting breed, lean as greyhounds, supple as steel, strong and tough as hickory boughs—there was not an inch or an ounce of waste material in the whole contingent. They took me back in fancy to the days when we were breaking-in the Western wilderness on the desolate Coolgardie goldfields trail and the Never-Never regions that lay beyond. I had tramped with an army of just such men as these, an army thousands strong, who put the waste places of the wilds in harness and made a desert bloom, and I had known then that if ever the day came for lads of that stock to face a foe in battle they would quit themselves like men. I had good cause to know it, for I had seen them tried out to the utmost limit in the hazards and hardships of pioneer life, and I had bared my head by many an untimely grave in the long, long march between Southern Cross and the Hawk's Nest, and between the Murchison and Kurnalpie; and then, as now, New Zealanders marched in step with Australians.

The Greater Adventure.

In those old days, now so distant, the search was for gold, but behind the gold fever was the unquenchable love of adventure; men and lads measured themselves against the waterless wilderness, against the burning, blistering heat, against the blinding dust-storms from the alkali impregnated plains, against fever and dysentery, and death from thirst; and the hope of gold played a lesser part in their endeavour than the lusty joy of the long, long struggle. I stood one day by a famous British soldier and heard him say, as a great contingent swung through Coolgardie camp out to the Norseman "rush": "God of my fathers, what soldiers these fellows would make for a forlorn hope!" That Briton had the prophet's vision; he saw ahead of his time, and the Anzacs have proved him right since then, in Africa, in Gallipoli, and in France. For the sun-baked lads, whom London now loves as if they were its own, are the sons and the younger brothers of those dauntless pioneers—the same stock, the same blood and bone, the same big brave hearts, the same good and loyal comrades in a tight place, and the same modest, unassuming fellows, free from swagger and free from the braggart boast. English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh, and great and gallant Maori blend all mixed amongst them, and all engulfed in the magic name of Anzac. Was I proud of them as I watched their clear hard eyes blazing in response to the mighty throb of London's roar of welcome? Proud—I lifted up my voice and yelled the call of the cattlemen that all bushmen know, yelled till my collar cracked, and men standing hard by me looked and laughed.

The Men of Mons and Compiegne.

The men of Anzac have had their day of splendid triumph, a day those of them who live to return to the southern lands will talk of with honest pride until they die—and they have earned it, and only those whose souls are akin to coyotes will grudge them their glory; but what of the remnant of Britain's army that fought from Mons to Compiegne, from the Marne to the Yser—the men of Britain's old "regulars" who have been in almost every battle in France and Belgium since first the cannon spoke nearly two blood-stained years ago—the veterans who have been, and are, the backbone of our armies? When are they to have *their day?* When will the lawyers realise that the nation is greedy to pay homage to their deathless fame? I know the history of wars, ancient and modern, and I know of no band of men who ever earned more grandly a nation's gratitude or a people's pride by deeds done in the field than this band of heroes. Wait until the full story of their achievements and their sufferings rings in the ears of the world; then the "regulars" will stand in the eyes of all the earth as something more than men, something akin to demi gods. I saw them when, shattered and shaken, they rallied at Compiegne; and this I know, that never since man and woman mated has the old earth nurtured stronger, stouter, truer stuff than they. They stand to-day—all that is left of them—the equals, every inch, of the best who scaled the heights of Inkerman or fell at Alma—the equals of the cream of those who won at Waterloo—the peers of those who fought with Havelock, or wherever our flag has flown in war. We never had a greater band in all our history—*the Empire never will.* Their deeds are hidden away as though they had shamed us; yet officers and men are worthy of immortal fame. Is Mr. Asquith still so dead to the wishes of the people, that war scribes who *can* write, and if need be are ready to fight, must be kept from chronicling the deeds the "regulars" are doing? This honour is perchance too great to be granted to a mere Colonial; but, in God's name, let some man worthy of the great traditions of the British press be sent into the field of battle where the regulars are still making history that will live when every little legal soul now masquerading as a man shall have shrivelled into nothingness, like a pea within the portals of Hades. What of a contingent of those regulars for London; when are they to taste of the cup of glory they have filled to the brim? They have held our army together for two years until our raw levies have become inured to war. Many of them have never seen the shores of Britain since they first landed in France. They are war-worn and they are mortal. They will not grudge the Anzacs an iota of what has been given them; but why should *they not be honoured also?*

Why Overlook the Marines?

Seldom do I meet an Anzac who does not speak glowingly and gratefully of the lads of our Fleet, who were with them at Gallipoli, and of the British soldiers who were there, too. The whole land is eager to do these men of Ireland, Scotland, England and Wales the same honour as that done to the Colonials. They gave their blood as freely, as ungrudgingly, as the best—*where is their honour?* How long, I wonder, shall we wait before we see a contingent of those superb Canadians, who have been bombing and bayoneting the Germans in their trenches, riding through London town the cynosure of the eyes of admiring millions? There is no vanity about men who love praise for work nobly achieved; it is mostly those who have never done anything worth acclamation who sneer at it. Will Mr. Asquith lay aside all pedantry for once and march in step with the wish and will of the people, with whom he is woefully out of touch in this matter? We ask nothing unreasonable; we all know we cannot, yet, have the Jack Tars from the Fleet, for they are watching our crafty foe; but *their* day will come, too.

IN THE NON-COMBATANT CORPS.

(Letter from a member of the Non-Combatant Corps to a fellow Conscientious Objector at home.)

DEAR COMRADE,—I am writing, as promised, just to let you know how I am faring. As you will remember, when we shook hands at the police court I told you I was going through with the business, even if it meant being shot. Far better to be shot in the sacred Cause of Conscience than in the trenches. (Of course, I don't suppose that any of us will ever be shot, for that matter.)

Well, as soon as we got to the barracks, we were brought before the Colonel. I saw immediately that he did not realise what the Cause of Conscience meant to us. He started, quite kindly according to his lights, by saying that we had stood out manfully, but now that we had done all we could, and had been ultimately sent for military service, he expressed the hope that we would behave like good fellows, and put our hearts into the work before us; it would be much more comfortable for all concerned, he said. Not a bad little speech in some respects. However, it was all words, words, words! I thought it better at once to let him see how we looked at the matter. So I stepped out and said that Conscience was sacred, and that not by such speeches were we likely to violate it. I put it as kindly as possible to him, as I could see he meant well. He did not, however, take it in this spirit at all.

Well, I was seven days in the cells. And really, believe me, it was most uncomfortable, and had it not been for thoughts of the Cause, my heart would have sunk. But I bore up wonderfully, as I knew that throughout the country there were dozens of other men suffering for The Truth.

When the seven days had expired, I was put on what I suppose are our routine duties—digging, and all manner of coarse, heavy work, not at all suited to chaps of refinement. However, I should not mind this so much if it were not for the officers—and the Non-Coms. are just as bad. They are ignorant, inferior fellows: they won't listen to reason. As they probably know they are no match for us, they refuse to argue the point even!

This town is a pretty decent place—about 25,000 population. The first night we were here I met a nice girlie. I said, "Good evening, Molly." She turned round; and when she saw I was in khaki, she was quite pleasant. I had a nice chat with her. I gathered she had two brothers in the trenches; and she seemed quite to like our "Fighting Tommies," as she called them. If I could have thought of that phrase of Philip Snowden's, I'd have let fly with it, and I'm sure she would then have seen the error of her ways—as otherwise she seemed quite a decent girl. Well, I'm now coming to the point. I saw her the following evening, and when we met she immediately stopped, and looked me straight in the face. "Are you a member of the 'Nasty Cowards Corps'?" she asked. Truth to tell, I was rather "soft" on the girl. I felt just a wee bit awkward for a minute or two. Then I said "Yes! . . . well not exactly—er—well. Yes! I expect I am." When I first began to speak, I thought I'd just argue and explain the position to her quietly (as we had been taught at the No-Conscription Fellowship meetings), and then I said to myself that perhaps it was not fair to expect a mere girl to appreciate those high abstract principles upon which ultimately the Cause rests. She then said something I had much rather not repeat, and left me standing in the rain!

Later: That girl cuts me. She's not half bad-looking either. I am thinking of asking for a transfer to the infantry. After all, if I do get transferred, I can still stick to the principle of the thing, and it's the principle that matters.

Still Later: Have got a transfer to the ——— Fusiliers, and expect to be in the trenches in four months' time. That girl (Gertie is her name) and I are now quite chummy.

I'm still sound on the *principle*, remember.

"OH, IT'S TOMMY, TOMMY ATKINS."

THE SHAMEFUL NEGLECT OF DISABLED BRITISH SOLDIERS.

A shocking story was revealed the other day in a police court. Private Edwin Hoare was arrested for sleeping out. The reason he slept out was that, except the workhouse, there was no other place where he could sleep in. In India, at the opening of the war, he was ordered to Gallipoli; was there so badly injured by a shell that he had to be kept in hospital for twelve months; left hospital with a withered leg; was discharged from the Army with the best of characters and an educational certificate; exhausted all his savings in vainly trying to obtain civilian employment; and finally, having nothing in his pocket and nowhere to lay his head, he made his couch beneath the stars—for which awful crime he had to answer to the Willesden Magistrates, who discharged him. Even with those facts staring one in the face, it would seem almost incredible that a Government who had promised so much in the name of the country to those who are bled and broken in the war should insult its sincerity, its gratitude and its humanity by permitting such a case as this to arise. What is this man doing without a pension? What is he doing without a job? It makes one flush with patriotic shame to know that disabled British soldiers of good character, without a pension and without a penny, hungry, footsore, and homeless, have to make the roadside their bed and the stars their consolation because some Government Committee or other is no good whatever for the work it is supposed to do. "How long, O Lord, how long?"

The one redeeming feature is that, upon publication in the newspapers of the details of the case, several offers of assistance were received by the Willesden Court Missionary, with the result that steps are being taken to expedite the granting of the pension, and Hoare is to be married to his sweetheart and start on his honeymoon in a smart little yacht, bearing the appropriate name of *Joffre*, lent for the occasion, as soon as arrangements can be made.

FATUOUS PESSIMISM.

ABERDEEN JOURNAL'S AMAZING LAPSE.

Whatever the fate of breezier journals, the *Aberdeen Free Press* is never likely to incur the reproach of "fatuous optimism." At the moment when the first Admiralty communiqué on the Battle of Jutland had created a widespread sense of bewilderment, not unmixed with keen anxiety, the readers of our Scottish contemporary were cheered and consoled in this inspiring strain:—

> Our arms have sustained a crushing defeat and the German arms have, as against us, won the greatest victory the war has yet witnessed. The results of the naval battle fought off Jutland on Wednesday afternoon is [*sic*] to the British Navy and the Allied cause a lamentable disaster, all the more appalling because it has occurred at a grave juncture, and because as a German triumph at once solid and spectacular, it will vastly lower British prestige and produce all the world over a profound moral effect in favour of the enemy. This crushing blow turns to dust and ashes the pride and the confidence we have felt in our Navy as "the sure shield" not only of the United Kingdom but of the British Empire.

While making every allowance for the rather depressing nature of the first official announcement, it is hard to fathom the psychology of a British newspaper which, on the strength of the slender information then available, was ready to jump to these dismal conclusions. Such hasty and ill-considered assumptions might fitly have adorned the pages of the *Cologne Gazette* or of the *Vossische Zeitung*, but in the columns of the *Aberdeen Free Press* they were an affront to the patriotic spirit of the nation and a cruel insult to the officers and men of the Fleet, who were surely entitled to expect a wise suspension of judgment until the details of their gallant action were to hand. It is charitable to assume that at the first hint of a naval mishap, panic confused the editorial counsels of the *Free Press*, clouding the outlook and distorting the judgment of the leader-writer. Upon no other satisfactory hypothesis can we explain these comments.

Absolutely Free and Sure. Our Insurance Offer, page iii of Cover.

A SOLDIER'S REWARD.

THREE MONTHS FOR A PENN'ORTH OF FIGS.

There was what the reporters call "a grave conflict of evidence" when John Hennessey, of Bermondsey, a soldier invalided from the front, was charged at Greenwich with "stealing two ounces of figs, value one penny, from the Army Supply Reserve Depot, Deptford." Faced with this terrible charge, and eager to clear his character and save his pension, Hennessey declared that it was not he who had stolen the figs, but Detective Fishwick, the police officer who had arrested him; a most improper suggestion which we sternly deplore. Had there been the least doubt as to the veracity of the detective's version of the affair, it would, of course, have been removed by the serviceable testimony of P.C. Parnell, who, having watched the prisoner, was able to bring "corroborative evidence" of a conclusive kind. Hennessey was convicted of theft. An excellent character had been given to the prisoner by Detective-sergeant Chatt, who explained that Hennessey had served with credit in the present war, and in the South African campaign; and in all the circumstances there seems to have been no vestige of justification for the preposterous sentence of three months' imprisonment with which the Greenwich Magistrate thought fit to reward the theft of a pennyworth of figs. For this, after all, was the only charge against the prisoner; if there was a suspicion of perjury it was open to the police to proceed separately upon that score. In convicting the prisoner of the pettiest of petty larcenies, and sentencing him for a graver offence which was wholly unproved, the Magistrate showed Draconic severity; while the statement that "the prisoner, whatever his previous character, was one of the worst of scoundrels," was a wanton and grotesque abuse of the privilege of the Bench.

A DANGEROUS PRELATE.

HIS DISLOYAL (DIS)GRACE OF LIMERICK.

Were it not for his "benefit of clergy," it is probable that the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Limerick, would long since have been laid by the heels as an open sympathiser with the Sinn Fein movement, and General Sir John Maxwell recently discovered that two young priests in the diocese of Limerick were still endeavouring to stir up sedition and strife. With a measure of courtesy which in the circumstances may have been excessive, Sir John thus addressed the Bishop:—

> There are two priests in your diocese . . . . whose presence in that neighbourhood I consider to be a dangerous menace to the peace and safety of the realm, and had these priests been laymen they would already have been placed under arrest. In this case I would be glad if your Lordship could obviate the necessity for such action by moving these priests to such employment as will deny their having intercourse with the people, and inform me of your decision.

To this plain course of loyal duty the Bishop flatly refused assent, his reply bordering on insolence and affording clear evidence of hostility to the military power. However, with scrupulous deference to Dr. O'Dwyer's ecclesiastical authority, Sir John Maxwell reiterated his demand, giving particulars of the seditious speech and conduct of which the priests had been guilty. It was to no purpose—the Bishop, in a further rejoinder, stating that both of the culprits were "excellent priests," and again declining "to help in the furtherance of your work as military dictator in Ireland." In these circumstances it may, we suppose, be taken for granted that other means have been found to curb the activities of the refractory priests; and most people will agree that the Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, though thrice a Bishop, should have shared their fate.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

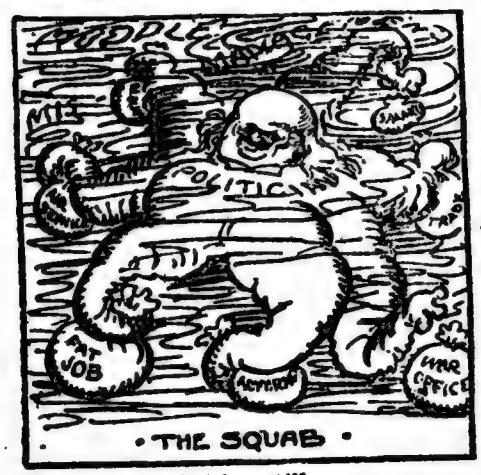
BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

While senile generals sit tight
At three-score-years-and-ten,
Old admirals do what is right—
Make way for younger men

The Russian, who had "shot his bolt"
(Words once on many a lip),
Comes suddenly to the assault
And gives the Austrian gyp!

"Why should we stint ourselves with dress?"
Ask women, filled with spleen,
"While men spend not a penny less
On Lady Nicotine!"

When foreign waiters get the huff
A happy day 'twill be:
A British girl is good enough
To wait on you and me.



The greedy politician still
The expert's job will grab,
For, though his knowledge may be nil,
He makes it up with gab.

Once more our Rose Queen's "Day" is round,
In aid of suffering souls,
And we, of course, in duty bound,
Will deck our button-holes.

HANDS OFF THE CHILDREN'S TREATS.

AN EARNEST APPEAL TO CHURCH WORKERS. BY A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

Last year there appeared in the columns of JOHN BULL several cases of the clergy taking their usual annual vacation whilst at the same time the children attached to their respective Sunday-schools were being denied their annual treat of *one day* in the country, and there is no doubt that attempts to abolish the children's treats in various parts of the country will be again made this year.

There can be no question that incidents of this character (which are by no means isolated) are doing a tremendous amount of harm to religion in general and to the Churches immediately concerned in particular, and so I pen these few words to the thousands of churchmen readers of JOHN BULL as an appeal to them to do all that they can to prevent the children of the Sunday-schools suffering in this manner.

I submit, in the first place, that on no conceivable ground should the children be denied their annual treat. What, indeed, are the apologies for arguments raised against it?

Firstly, there is the argument that it is war-time, and that the children should be made to recognise the fact and to sacrifice accordingly.

What an argument! And how cheap to preach self-sacrifice and make the children practise it! Children should be made to recognise that there is a war, forsooth! Do not they recognise it already? Have not their fathers and brothers been called to the colours to fight for them in Flanders? Have not their little eyes seen the anxiety on mother's face as she moves about her household tasks wondering whether all is well with the breadwinner? Are not their little minds full of apprehension for daddy's safety? I say—let us take their minds away from the war as much as we can. Give them a jolly good day in the country among the trees and the flowers and the birds. Let their imagination be unclouded with pictures of the tragedy being daily enacted a few short miles across the Channel. Let us keep the children *children* as long as we can. Let us prevent them from growing old before they are young. A day in the country means much, especially to the London child, surrounded as he is by an uninspiring environment of bricks and mortar.

It may be urged that it is necessary to economise in church funds owing to the war. If so, why, I ask, start with the children? The children should be the very last persons at whose expense a church should economise. But is not this argument uttered by those who in reality wish to abolish the treats? There is not a congregation breathing who, if they knew that it were a question of funds as to whether or not the children's treat should be held, would not rally round and pay their sixpences and their shillings to avoid the threatened abolition.

There is much one would like to say, but I am well aware that in JOHN BULL, with its manifold activities and in whose columns perhaps appeals of this description do not usually appear, space is necessarily limited. I will, therefore, briefly conclude by asking: Are those opposed to these treats (be they clergy or laymen) giving up *their* holidays, *their* days in the country, *their* happiness? If not, *is it right for them to ask the children to give up theirs?*

I have no axe to grind in making this appeal. I have no desire to attack the clergy or any members of the Church. But I am after the children's happiness. I am out for fair play for those who cannot speak for themselves. Let every member of a church who reads these words raise his (or her) voice against any attempt to abolish the children's treats. If that course of action has no effect, let them organise and agitate until these attempts have been completely frustrated. Then, victory for the children is certain.

"MILLICENT" CONVICTED AGAIN.

Often exposed by us, the man who has gone under the aliases of Samuel Forbes, Millicent [*sic*] Forbes, Ronald Howard, Margret [*sic*] Williams, Clement Stanley, Maud Davis, Alice Leech, etc., etc., has now been again before the Magistrates—this time at Saffron Walden—with the natural result. It was not long ago that, following one of our exposures, he was convicted of having made a false return on a registration form. He has now come a more decisive cropper. As our readers will remember, he wrote a letter having a printed heading, "Samuel Forbes, Solicitor," to a Yorkshire newspaper, asking for the insertion of one of his matrimonial advertisements, stating that "a gentleman, aged 36, holding Government appointment, wishes to make the acquaintance," etc. On our advice, the correspondence was laid before the Law Society, which undertook the present prosecution. The protean trickster in the dock made a blundering defence, alleging that the letter was actually written by a real Samuel Forbes, a real solicitor, but he was totally unable to substantiate the statement, admitting that he did not know the man's whereabouts, nor could he call him as a witness. He also admitted, in a cross-examination based largely on information supplied by us, that he had posed as a matrimonial agent, a farmer, a commission agent, and as the National Hire-Purchase Mutual Insurance Protection Association, and that he had operated under at least twelve different aliases in various parts of the country. An amusing interlude was the story of how his country neighbours took him for a German spy because, so he said, he went out one night with a lantern to search for a lost chicken. The result of the present charge was a conviction, and he was ordered to pay a penalty of £5 and £6 19s. 6d. costs, or, in default of distress, to suffer two months' imprisonment. There being no goods sufficient for distraint, he was duly taken into custody. The very many correspondents who have had reason to complain of the man and his rogueries will be interested to note this latest chapter in a chequered career.

"SAVE PENNIES AND PINCH KIDDIES."

Brentford Board of Guardians listened to a statement by Mrs. Palmer, the Chairman of the Children Committee, regarding the feeding of the youngsters in the charge of the Board. The lady waxed lofty and supercilious. "If the rest of the letterpress in JOHN BULL was as inaccurate as the report with regard to the condition of things in the Scattered Homes was," she said, "it was not really worth wasting time to consider it at all." Mr. Winterbourne quoted a statement of a Medical Officer to the Board to the effect that "the children were thin and devoid of fat." He was told that the amount paid for feeding was 2s. 3d. per week. When he heard that their children were being kept at 1¼d. a meal, he was astonished. It had never been contradicted, and he defied anybody to do so. Except that we accepted Mr. Winterbourne's first figure that the children's meals cost 1d. each, whilst the correct figure is now put at 1¼d., we find nothing "inaccurate" in our original criticism—and we are not surprised that the youngsters were thin.

INTERN THEM ALL!

Cut out this Coupon and post it to your local M.P.—AND GET EACH OF YOUR FRIENDS TO FOLLOW YOUR EXAMPLE. *Address the envelope to the House of Commons. It would further assist if you sent one, also, to the Prime Minister. A halfpenny stamp will do, if sent in an open envelope, or you may attach it to a postcard.*

I respectfully urge upon you the imperative necessity of Parliament at once taking steps to intern every person of German birth now in Great Britain.

Name .....

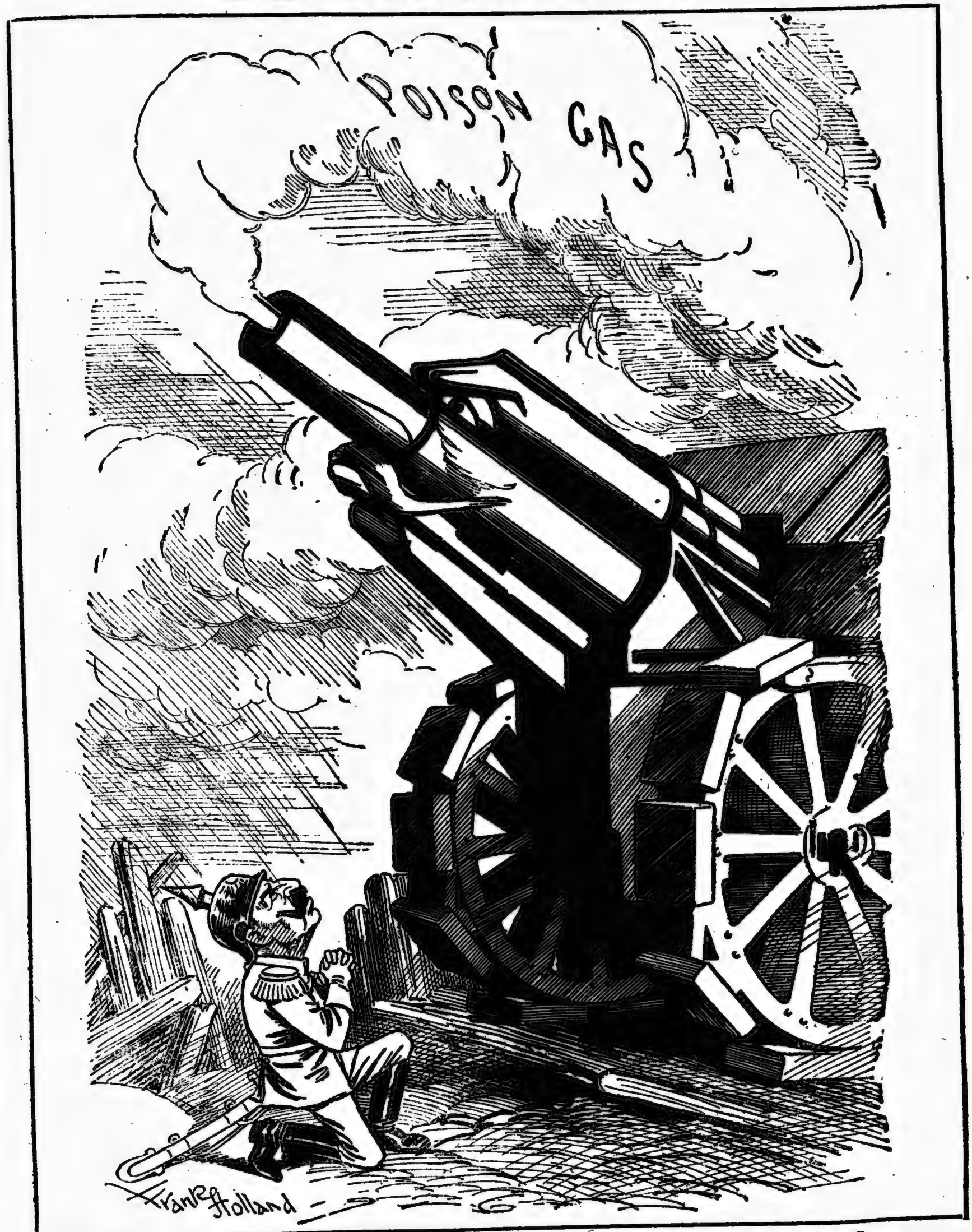
Address .....

.....

"John Bull."

Earn "Tommy's" Gratitude by giving him a "J.B." Pen.

THE UNAVAILING GOD.



"O God! In mine own image made,
Let not thy servant be dismayed!

Answer my prayer, Almighty Gun,
And give thy supplicant Verdun!"

WHO BETRAYED KITCHENER?

IN the presence of the Sovereign he served so well, before thousands of the People who trusted him so deeply, the Church has paid its memorial tribute to the dead hero—our nation and the nations beyond the seas have sung their Requiem over Lord Kitchener. But those solemn litanies, those whispered prayers, are not enough. We who live to mourn his loss, to deplore the tragedy of a brave man torn from his work while still in the fullness of his power, must see to it that his death is avenged—not only by renewed effort to bring the Hun to his knees, but by redoubled determination to hunt him from our midst. Who betrayed Kitchener? That is the burning question in a million patriotic hearts. We who loved the man for his work, and honoured the soldier for his steadfast purpose in the face of the enemy, are not content to mourn. We are determined to get to the bottom, if possible, of those sinister and mysterious happenings which encompassed his death. At least we are resolved that, so far as is within our power, the veil of official concealment which is drawn over the circumstances of his fate as darkly and surely as the waves enveloped the body of the dead soldier, shall be torn aside. We *will* have the truth.

Why this Mystery?

Why all this mystery; to what purpose all this official reticence—what is there to hide? If the circumstances attending the tragic loss of Lord Kitchener are of a character calling neither for suppression nor gloss, why, in the name of our common sorrow, has the nation been fobbed off with meagre and mystifying statements? Let the Government realise to-day, if they have never taken the trouble to realise before, that the nation has been profoundly moved by the death of this great soldier. I believe there was the treacherous work of the Hun—or, what is worse, the traitorous hand—in this cruel and calamitous business. I repeat that we who trusted him and who see in his death a loss to the Empire which those who could not speak a word in his defence when he lived are now prepared to concede is irreparable, are determined that his death shall be avenged. My letter bag—the unmistakable evidence of the deep feeling of the People—is filled with reproaches for those who let him go to his doom, and of resolve to put an end to the madly lax system which made it possible.

Let us See the Reports.

No one is satisfied that all has been told that could have been told about that voyage of the *Hampshire*, which ended so suddenly and mysteriously. It is stated officially that reports have been received from the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet on the subject. I should like to see those reports—the nation would like to see them. I am not content with that first Admiralty statement, issued through the Press Bureau—which obviously jumbles up whatever was the formal communication of Admiral Jellicoe with what is apparently nothing more than gossip and conjecture. Let us examine that first report, professing to give details of the great tragedy of June 5th. "It has now been established that the *Hampshire* struck a mine about 8 p.m." *How* has it been established—on what information is that statement based, and who in authority is *satisfied* on the point?

Public Resentment.

What is the public feeling in regard to the absence of the escort of destroyers when the *Hampshire* foundered? I can tell the Government that it is a feeling of deep anger and resentment. "The *Hampshire* was accompanied on her voyage by two destroyers until the Captain of the *Hampshire* was compelled to detach them at about 7 p.m. on account of the very heavy seas." Well, the nation will want a good deal more information on that point before it will be satisfied. Why were five days—it was not till June 10th that the announcement was made—allowed to elapse before this information was published? And is not the whole statement discredited by what follows—that "immediately on receipt of the news, destroyers and patrol vessels were despatched to the scene"? How comes it, in the name of common sense, that these destroyers—which had been sent back because of the rough weather—were able to negotiate the same heavy seas when called upon in this way? Do the Government understand—surely they do, after the world-wide mourning which the death of our hero has evoked—that this Man, this great Soldier whom the politician was so ready to traduce and belittle, was an Imperial possession—a symbol of power, a bulwark of a nation's trust? They cannot silence our misgivings by vague statements, nor satisfy our sorrows by a Cathedral service. What have the commanders of the two destroyers to say which will throw light on the tragic circumstances that left the *Hampshire* to her fate and rendered impossible the rescue of Lord Kitchener? If the seas were too dangerous to permit of those destroyers remaining in attendance on the cruiser, and necessitated their putting back, why didn't the *Hampshire* put back too? Don't tell me that the mission on which Lord Kitchener was engaged was of such pressing moment in point of time that he could not have deferred the voyage for a few hours. We who knew his character—his sterling, strong sense of duty—can quite understand that he would never have suggested "waiting for the weather." But the *Hampshire* had in charge a precious life. I don't want to draw invidious comparisons, but can you doubt that if some other exalted person had been on board, someone high in the service of the State, there would have been any hesitation as to *whether that voyage should have been postponed?* And why when the destroyers left wasn't the *Hampshire* brought back by wireless command? And if it *were* a mine, was it one of our own, broken loose, or one from the North Sea battle—was nothing known of the course of the currents? *But was it a mine?* I much doubt it.

It appears from the statements of the few survivors

Why This Mystery? Let Us Have The Truth!

By THE EDITOR.

that the explosion occurred shortly before 8 p.m. and the ship sank within ten minutes. Immediately on the receipt of the news destroyers and patrol vessels were despatched to the scene! Oh, the criminal pity of it! The nation does, indeed, share with Admiral Jellicoe the burning regret that Kitchener met his tragic end while "in the care of the Navy." We want to know more—we, the great British public who deplore that grievous loss; and if any one of the survivors of the *Hampshire*—the men who were privileged to be on the same ship as our hero, or their friends—cares to communicate with me personally—his letter shall be treated in strict confidence—a searching inquiry shall be held into any circumstances which he may reveal. Don't forget, although the destroyers put back, and so all unwittingly left Lord Kitchener to his fate—"the ship sank within ten minutes"—destroyers were despatched to the scene "immediately on the receipt of the news." Is it too much to say that, if those destroyers had *only been on the scene*, Lord Kitchener might be with us to-day—that the Empire would not be mourning an irreparable loss? *Let us have the names of the destroyers.*

What Germany Knew.

Really, the more I examine all the *known* circumstances surrounding the death of Lord Kitchener, the more am I angered at the thought that—but for the want of decent care in safeguarding so precious a life, and for the lack of a strong and manly policy in dealing with the enemy aliens who encompass us on every hand—this tragedy might have been averted. No, without more evidence than the Government have so far seen fit to produce, I shall continue to believe—a belief shared with the majority of my fellow-countrymen—that Lord Kitchener died no natural, inevitable death, but that he was betrayed almost as though the assassin's dagger had been plunged in his heart. Who was the betrayer? If we look for him among the men, still allowed at large in our midst, who have every desire for our downfall, then I fear we have little chance of discovering the culprit. He may, it is true, be some craven hound ready, as in all ages and countries men have been ready, to betray the Christ of patriotism for thirty pieces of silver. Make no mistake; neither England, Scotland nor Ireland is free of creatures, in whose veins flows British blood, who are traitors to the land of their fathers. But while they, thank God! are few, the Huns in our midst are many Never let it be forgotten that the voyage of Lord Kitchener was known to the enemy, and let us keep in our minds these two facts: first, that the news of the sinking of the *Hampshire* was in Berlin within half an hour of its official announcement in London; secondly, that the following day a German newspaper, which printed an elaborate review of the life and work of Lord Kitchener, went out of its way to state that the article had been specially written "on receipt of information that Kitchener was going to Russia." *They* knew that he was doomed; *they* had carefully prepared a long obituary notice in anticipation of the end. What did they know, these ghouls in Germany waiting confidently for the end of the man who had saved the Empire—hovering like carrion birds over that voyage on the sea, certain that tragedy would follow in the wake of the ship?

The Unseen Hand.

There are many thoughts—some coldly satirical, others burning with the flame of anger—that cross my mind as I reflect on this crime. "Kitchener was betrayed"—that is the popular belief. Nothing will dissipate that belief or satisfy the national conscience. But it is in the power of Ministers to prove that the praise they are so ready to bestow now that our hero is beyond the reach of human words is something more than a concession to deep-rooted public sentiment—that they mourn him in their hearts as well as on their lips. If they loved Lord Kitchener living—and how they dissembled their love!—then they can prove that affection which is now proclaimed from the house-tops, by responding to an overwhelming national demand. The cry is for the safety of these islands, for the safety of such men as are left to us whom the People trust—rid the land of the enemy in our midst! "The Unseen Hand" is a terrible reality. Is it that hand which renders it possible for the Hun to roam at will in our cities and towns, which seems to enfeeble all our efforts and to weaken the arm of the Executive? What is that influence? We are all conscious of it—who can trace it to its source? The voice of rumour is ever busy, the whispered innuendo, the "I-could-an-I-would" of suspicion are heard on every side. "The Unseen Hand" is strong among us. It was strong before the war Its pretended honesty deceived our statesmen; the gold so readily released from its palm bought place and power—it won over influences which to-day are operating against the Imperial well-being. Ask that fine representative of our Dominion strength and courage—Prime Minister Hughes—what he knows of the "Unseen Hand." He has had the courage to maim it in Australia—he has cut it off at the wrist. Never again will it be able to do its fell work—to murder trade, to strangle commerce. Is the "Unseen Hand" to be permitted to pursue its criminal influence in *our* midst? Or is it to be ruthlessly amputated?

A Solemn Warning.

I warn the Government that public resentment is reaching danger-point. There is an ominous spirit abroad in the land. Men and women are thinking and saying ugly things. Ministers are living in a Fool's Paradise. I venture to say that my own letter bag is a true index to public opinion—and I should like Mr. Asquith to devote an hour daily to its perusal I wish he had done so before making his last speech. At present, he and his Ministry are altogether out of touch with the sentiment of the people—whose eyes, I assure him, are open at last. Again and again have I warned the Cabinet. I warn them now, once more, that public resentment at the liberty still allowed the alien enemy is very real—very deep. If the Cabinet will not act, then Parliament must. If Parliament will not, then the People will. They will take the law into their own hands. And that way lies Revolution.

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PASS THE SALT, PLEASE!

"ANY EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE."

O, Pictures! what crimes are committed in thy name! But isn't it about time that a little commonsense were allowed to leaven the irresponsible twaddle of the Clerical Party as to the dire influence of the cinema on the youthful mind? The Bishop of London, at a meeting of the Church Reading Union, stated solemnly that children were "suffering tremendously from the scenes of bloodshed and horror which were being put before them in the cinemas." Another speaker said that this form of popular entertainment "showed every sign of becoming a worse peril than 'penny dreadfuls.'" It is not too extravagant a claim to make when we assert that, were it possible to get the opinion of the thousands of brave lads who have recently died for their country in the North Sea naval encounter, at least 80 per cent. of them would admit that their early imaginations had been stirred either by highly-coloured sea tales or the much-maligned "pictures." It seems strange to us that to these carping critics the suggestion of the films should always be a criminal one. We have failed to note, when a young hero dives into the water to rescue his pal, or stops a runaway horse, or performs any of the gallant actions which are daily taking place in our midst, that the "pictures" are ever suspected of having possibly provided the incentive. As a matter of fact, in view of the wide publicity which has been given to this absurd campaign, every juvenile criminal knows that his best defence when apprehended for any delinquency is to allege that he "saw it at the pictures." We notice that Sir Francis Fox, J.P., said the other day that some time ago he had before him, for setting fire to a church, a boy who alleged that he had "seen it on the kinematograph." Astounding! We have ourselves heard of a boy who, when found in possession of three gold watches, said that a strange man in the street had handed them to him—and give the same credence to both stories. Poor, simple, gullible J.P.! We hazard the suggestion that, had Sir Francis Fox asked the young innocent *where* and *when* he had seen the naughty picture which had prompted his incendiary attack on the sacred edifice, he would have been somewhat in a quandary. After all, the alleged "suggestion" is, if analysed, usually found to be absurd and unnecessary. For instance, should there be a bag of money in the "first floor front" of a house which a young criminal, in need of finance, knows to be there, and he has ascertained that the occupants are absent on holiday, the young scamp is hardly likely to need prompting to adopt the only reasonable method of entrance—*i.e.*, by a ladder which is conveniently standing near—yet a lad recently put forward the defence that the idea of obtaining cash in these circumstances was "suggested by the pictures." We certainly think that part of the official equipment of the Courts dealing with juvenile cases should be a large salt-cellar.

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

We are at Newmarket again this week. The first day's programme will be finished before these lines are read, but here are a few selections for Wednesday and Thursday.

To-day (Wednesday), PHALARIS looks good for the Stewards' Handicap. If he cannot stay he has the gift of going, and the course will just suit him. HURRY ON ought to win again in the Welney Plate. LADYBRIDGE looks to me the likely winner of the Wednesday Selling Handicap; and PUBLICAN, despite a big penalty, will nearly win the Saxham T.Y.O. Stakes. To-morrow (Thursday), if MOLLY DESMOND has escaped the coughing that has attacked Gilpin's Stable, she should win the New Coventry Stakes, whilst in her absence TAGAMOR would probably win. A T.Y.O. Plate (Division I.) should go to the OH FIE F., whilst Division 2 of the same plate should see the ROT C. score. PARROT looks best for the Warren Hill Handicap.

The *Special*, containing full selections for the meeting is now on sale. It is published every Monday, and can be obtained from Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C. (price 6d.). Wire orders and enquiries should be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL, at the same address.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for June 17th, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 386,344 and A215,182. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

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The following has sent in correct claim:—

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The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of June 17th:—

043,092	293,564	518,634	827,301	A105,417
058,116	298,705	547,697	836,783	A159,589
186,247	324,086	563,020	885,490	A176,135
090,731	348,937	619,415	906,598	A233,437
115,620	379,541	662,911	959,901	A268,313
127,083	430,648	695,142	965,871	A279,946
142,563	442,793	700,573	990,160	A299,763
206,321	465,368	738,920	A029,359	A336,649
243,596	489,484	757,418	A068,503	A382,431
267,423	492,781	784,212	A087,101	A405,237

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published June 28th).

Have you a friend or relative at the Front? If so, do you forward him a copy of "JOHN BULL"?

"Good Company"

There's a patient little angler, who sits by the River Dee,
Although he seldom lands a catch he's happy as can be,
For, when the fish refuse to bite,
With cheerful smile he strikes a light,
A Chairman Junior glowing bright
Is right good company.

If a smoker of cigarettes, you cannot do better than have Chairman Juniors. In quality of tobacco, care in their making, and in all those properties which make a cigarette enjoyable, they represent the best that is possible at the price. In fact, they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold everywhere at

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In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as ther coupons or pictures with them.... And they are made and gu in every particular by

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SEND HIM THE MEANS TO MAKE YOU HAPPY.

OF all Tommy's troubles the difficulty of keeping in touch with his relatives and friends is the one that causes him the most anxiety. You can help him in this difficulty if you enclose with each parcel you send him a few

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There's a Card to suit every occasion, whether he be grave or gay, and the simplicity of the wordings and the artistic harmony of the designs will bring "HIM" a refreshing reminder of the "home" conditions he has left behind. Ask your stationer to show you a full range of these cards. Nos. 508 544, 570 are particularly suitable for sending to the Soldier Boys. Look for this Trade Mark—

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They come back looking like new clothes and good for as much wear. No charge unless the owner is satisfied. (JOHN BULL guarantee.)
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Science evolved this new perfect remedy from vegetable ingredients that cure without pain—and with certainty. Never bind or gripe; never weaken.
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Send postcard for free sample sufficient to prove.

KEATING'S POWDER KILLS
BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES
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KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.
Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of
HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE
—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

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Future health and efficiency depend largely upon the condition of the teeth. To preserve teeth from the first imperceptible attacks you should use "ZEPTO" occasionally in addition to cleansing in the ordinary way. "ZEPTO" will remove deposit from all the little crevices that the toothbrush is unable to reach, it will prevent the formation of tartar and keep the teeth always pearly white and strong.

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D. & W. GIBBS, LTD. (Dept. 13D), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E. Est. 1717

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 18.

JOTTINGS FROM A PREMIER'S DIARY.

TUESDAY, 6TH.—Apart from country's irretrievable loss, which I deplore as much as any man breathing, it places me between horns of another distinctly awkward dilemma. Who on earth can I nominate for War Secretaryship? H——e called round this morning to press his claim. Much as it hurt me, had to be pretty plain with him. Pointed out that my position is precarious enough as it is, without asking for any more trouble. He annoyed me by pretending not to know what I meant. In my irritation I told him to go to—his "spiritual home." He left in a huff. I find it increasingly difficult to continue on terms of complete friendship with him. If he would only accept position, and realise that he is a wash-out and back number, who has irretrievably lost confidence of the public, he would show more of the sense with which he alone credits himself.

WEDNESDAY, 7TH.—Approached B—r L—w with regard to taking over War Office. He very diffident about it, pointing out that he knew next to nothing about military matters. Explained to him that that was of no importance at all, and that, being a Party politician, he ought to know it. He shocked me by confessing that since war broke out he has largely modified his views with respect to Party politics. Also made some absurd reference to "Business Government." Would rule him out of the running on that account alone if I did not know he has a very considerable following.

THURSDAY, 8TH.—Had a chat with L——d G——e about War Secretaryship. He pointed out sarcastically that although he is a Welshman, at the same time he is only human, and could not see his way clear to carry the *full* weight of the Government and the war on his shoulders. Asked him what the Devil he meant. Had the impudence to say I had better resign and let him take my place, since I tried to shove every job on to him when I found myself in difficulties. With regard to War Office, however, he said that in national interest he would consider it, realising that there was no one but himself available with sufficient "push and go." Fancy he is getting a bit too big for his boots. If he succeeds with Irish negotiations there will be no holding him.

FRIDAY, 9TH.—T——t called round this morning. After playing on relationship string for a while he veered round to question of vacant War Secretaryship. Hinted that he thought the post was due to him. I had to point out that it would be an unheard of thing to appoint a man to a Department in which he had acted in a subordinate capacity, and consequently would know something about. He left a trifle crestfallen, hinting that he didn't think he could work under a mere Party politician after serving under K——r. Relations by marriage are sometimes an infernal nuisance. *But what about a peerage?*

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS: THE KAISER.

BY OUR OWN NEUTRAL.

I found the War-Lord at Potsdam, biting his finger-nails and muttering incessantly, "I did not will it, I did not will it."

"Who are you?" he demanded, shrinking back into his chair with a look of apprehension.

"A distinguished neutral, All-Highest," I replied.

Instantly he sprang to his feet and threw himself into my arms. I threw him back.

"I must preserve my strict neutrality, High and Mightiness," I said, by way of apology.

"I am that you have come glad," he said, gutturally. "I wish you all the neutral nations to tell that I it will did not."

"I'll tell them, but they won't believe it," I replied. "You only say that because you're getting scared."

The Big Pot of Potsdam cast a fearful look around, approached me stealthily, and whispered in my ear.

"You have the truth spoken," he gasped huskily. "I terrified am."

Carefully wiping out my aural cavity, I replaced the Berlin Bounder in his chair and said, "Cut that out! Don't tell me you're getting cold feet."

"They like ice are," he replied. "I the beginning of the end can see."

"Then what you want is a place in the sun," said I, "since you are feeling the draught."

"You me with my own words mock, but I did not will it, I did not will it," wailed the Sausage King.

"What did you mean by all your gab about shining armour, and the 'mailed fist'; and what about your 'bitter need of sea-power,' your determination to 'grasp the trident,' because the future of Germany was 'upon the water'?" I went on, warming to the subject.

"I did not will it—I did not will it!"

"But you vented all that swash-buckling gas *before* the war," I reminded him, "not forgetting to call yourself 'Admiral of the Atlantic.' What was the idea if you didn't mean war?"

"I a war like this mean did not. I a quick, victorious war mean did."

"And now you'd like to call 'feignites,' I suppose?" I suggested.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the All-Highest Boche. "The war stop, so that I again prepare may."

"I'm a neutral," I said, "but I don't reckon your enemies are quite such fools as that. They're preparing a 'place in the sun' for you, old sport—somewhere down St. Helena way—if there's anything left of you after your own subjects have dealt with you."

"It is of them I terrified am," wailed the Kaiser, resuming his finger-nail lunch. "But I did not will it."

"Then climb down and stop it," was my last injunction.

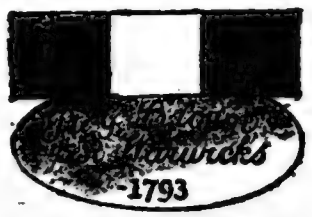
WAR BADGES

FOR WIVES, MOTHERS & SISTERS OF SOLDIERS.

Have you, or have you had, a husband, a brother, or a son at the front?

If so, wouldn't you like to wear a distinctive brooch with his name and regimental number engraved upon it?

We are prepared to supply a beautiful enamelled ribbon band, in three colours—red, white and blue—with disc attached, as shown below—with name and regimental number engraved, as shown—for the low-price of ONE SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, including postage to any part of the United Kingdom.



A specimen brooch has been submitted to the Editor of *JOHN BULL*, who writes:

"It is a most artistic and attractive production, and I have no doubt will be eagerly sought after by every woman whose man relatives have fought, or are fighting, for the King."

Send postal order for 1s. 6d.—crossed "& Co.," to

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Kkovah Health Salt

It's the most refreshing drink he can have, and its unique saline properties will brace him up—make him fit and keep him fit. Now that the hot weather is coming, it is a much safer drink than water alone. So that you won't forget to order a tin from your grocer to-day! And see it is Kkovah

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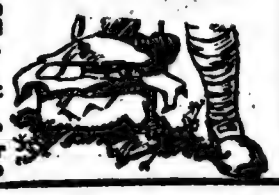
If unable to obtain, a large tin will be sent on receipt of P.O. or stamps, 1/-. Please mention grocer, and we will refund postage.



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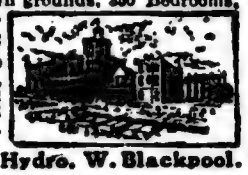

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

A soldier in France was generously given leave to come home to see his mother who was dying. We say "generously" because many Commanding Officers heartlessly refuse it, and unfortunately the great soldier who had sympathy in such cases is now dead. On leaving France, however, the man was handed only five francs—something under 4s.—of the amount due to him, wherewith to maintain himself until his return. When he got home his mother was dead. Like so many others, he turned to us for assistance, which he promptly got.

We naturally love the Bluejackets; as we have often remarked, they are among the most generous supporters of our fund. One of them, who was discharged as an invalid long before Dreadnoughts were thought of, came to us in his distress. He has a pension of less than five shillings a week, and struggled on with light jobs to eke this out until at last he found himself beaten. He appealed to us, and we gave him the help that our gallant sailors—still his mates notwithstanding the lapse of time—would have wished.

A soldier was sent away from training because of a mental kink, and is now in an asylum. His wife is at home with four children, and as she is very delicate she cannot work. She asked us for assistance and got it.

A woman, whose husband is in France wounded, was very hard up, owing rent, and having practically none of the necessaries of life. Her case was placed before us by a kindly Railway Transport Officer, and we gladly did what was possible to relieve her.

A man came home wounded and underwent hospital treatment, obtaining his discharge and furlough the other day. He came to his home in London, where he found his wife in a dying condition. There was little cash and less food in the house, but he called upon us and we set matters right so far as material assistance was concerned.

A girl has all her four brothers in the Service. Three of them are married; the fourth makes an allotment of 3s. 6d. a week in her favour—not much out of which to pay rent and buy food! The poor girl was starving until we helped her.

A soldier boy had two brothers killed in action. His mother, a widow, was naturally prostrated. The unfortunate woman was very ill, and the lad asked us to get him returned for home duty. We, however, failed in our endeavour to do so. The widow was in straitened circumstances, but we temporarily set matters right for her.

War prices are rising, and the value of the pound Treasury Note is rapidly decreasing. Hence the wives of soldiers in many cases have to drop their life insurances, clubs, etc., with the result that during the past week we have been instrumental in having eight children of soldiers buried with the decency which their fathers would have wished for. Of course, the parishes would have undertaken the expense, but the idea of the child of a soldier being buried as a pauper is as repugnant to us as it would be to the gallant father.

The only son of a soldier's widow was among the heroes lost in the recent naval battle. The mother was already ill when she received the sad news, and to make matters worse had no money and very little food. We heard of the case, and took steps at once to give her relief.

A soldier was sent back from the Mediterranean broken in health. The poor chap is crippled with rheumatism, and has a wife and four children. He is unable to work, but in a short time will be in receipt of a pension, which—despite the various recent official announcements of more generous consideration—will probably be fixed at the rate of about 8d. a day. We gave him help to tide over the even leaner season which will intervene.

"I was sent from the Army after thirteen months' service, and returned home ten days ago without money. I am now bedfast, and it makes my heart bleed to hear my little children crying for food." They have not cried for reason since the was brought to notice.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T YOU HELP?

"Master, Officers and Crew of the s.s. *Chelston*" (per M.B.M.), £15 2s. 6d; "Five per cent," 5s.; H. L., 6d.; R. A. C., 2s.; "A Working Woman," 2s. 6d.; "Davinia," 2s.; "Father of Four," 3s.; "Hooky," £1; M. M. B., 6s.; J. G. B., 1s.; "Always British," 1s.; G. E. (Stafford), 10s.; H. E. H., 1s.; M. E. H., 2s. 6d.; "Ruby," 1s.; E. T., 2s. 6d.; "A Reader and Admirer of JOHN BULL," 1s.; "One of the Crowd," 2s. 6d.; "Fireworks," 1s.; "All Right for a Few," 5s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; P. H., 6d.; E. H., 1s.; "A Sailor's Wife," 1s.; Mrs. B., £1; H. E. P., 6d.; P. A., 1s.; S. F., 10s.; M. M., 2s. 6d.; L. H. R., 4s.; J. H., 2s. 6d.; A. T. C., 3s. 4d.; J. H., 1s.; H. R. W. J., 2s. 6d.; E. W. (Folkestone), 30s.; M. J. F., 8d.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 9d.; J. H., 2s. 6d.; J. M., 1s.; A. A., 6d.; K. P., 2s.; Mrs. L. C., 1s.; A. R. E., 3s.; G. S., 1s.; J. A., Jnr., 5s.; "Bob," 1s.; M. D., 2s.; P. F., 6d.; A. P. R., 10s.; A. S. M. (Shanghai), £1; H.M.T. *Saxonia*, £5 5s.; R.N.V.R.S.W.S (Chelmsford Section), 10s. 6d. (previously acknowledged as 1s. 6d.); H. M., 1s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; D. M. B., 6d.; "Ignoramus," 1s.; L. Y. (Romford), 1s. 6d.; "Thankful," 2s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "One of the B.E.F.," 6d.; E. C. H., 2s. 6d.

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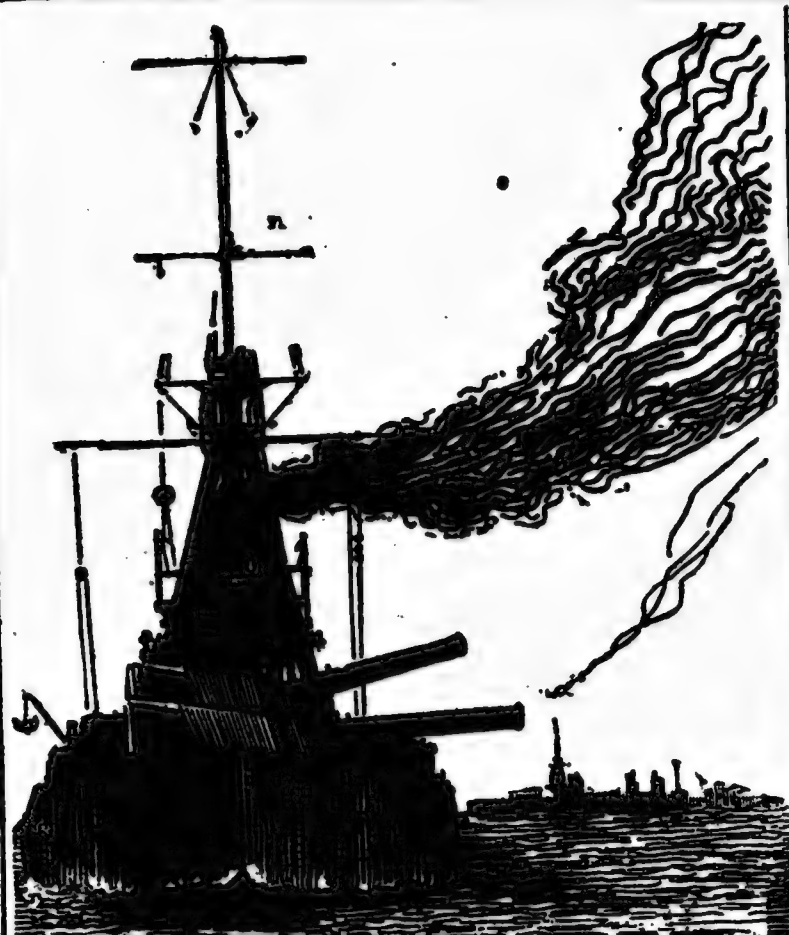

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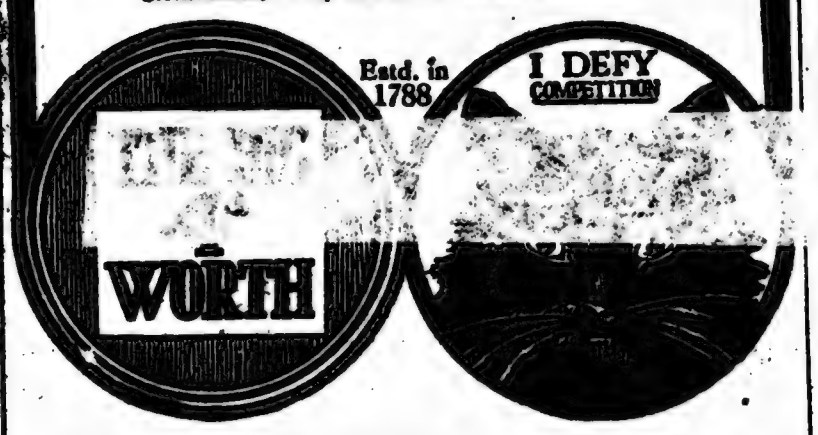

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"I thought you might like to see my little girl's photo. She is just three years old. Since she was a baby of four months I have given her same day each week, and if it happened to miss, she was cross and fretful. She cut all her teeth without my knowing, thanks to those priceless powders."

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 18.

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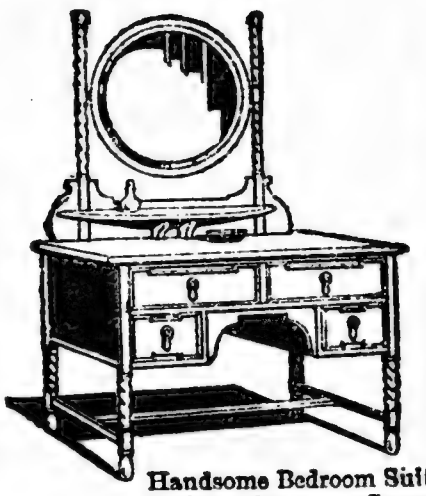

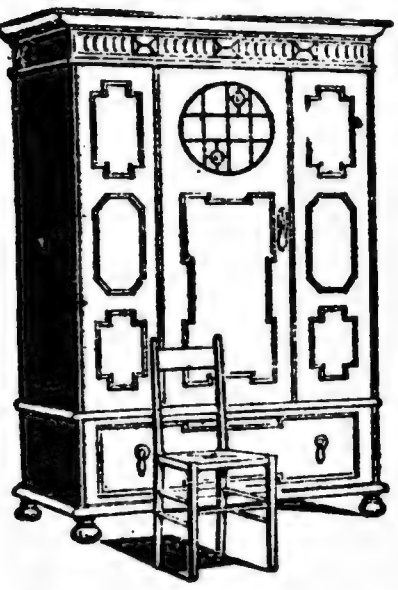

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Fleecing the Fighting Men.

The War Office has a finger in the running of our railways, and we think it should without delay see that the transporting of our soldiers and their belongings is performed at reasonable rates. A tired Expeditionary man sent his kit bag, containing a few odds and ends, from King's Cross to Beeston, for which service he was actually charged 2s. 7d. —nearly three days' pay. Such exorbitance shows great lack of appreciation of the sacrifices the owner of the bag is making for the national cause.

A Voice from Egypt.

The men of the 1-4 Cheshire Regiment, now in the land of the Pharaohs, ask us why they should be compelled to buy their own kit while they are not receiving kit allowance; also why they should be asked to pay for their field surgical dressings. It is a matter decided either by the Commanding Officer or some big-wig at the War Office. Here, too, we find more evidence of want of sympathy, on the part of those in authority, with those who are bearing the "heat and burden of the day."

"Something Accomplished——"

We are glad to have the assurance from a high quarter that our long and lone agitation on behalf of Tommy has again resulted in the authorities bestirring themselves. In certain circumstances, soldiers who break up under home training are now to be awarded modified pensions, whilst men of the Expeditionary Forces who are discharged disabled, are to be paid weekly sums to tide them over until the granting of the pensions. We are naturally much gratified at the success of our efforts.

Square Pegs—Round Holes.

Who at the War Office is responsible for the selection of candidates for commissions? It seems difficult to understand why three medical men were recently appointed to command Territorial Battalions. The Second-in-Command of one of these units, by the way, is a re-employed Major with nearly twenty years' service in the Regulars. We thought that the supply of doctors for their legitimate duties in the Army was very deficient and becoming more so.

War Office Economy.

We have received many complaints of the cutting down of the daily ration allowance in some units from 1s. 9d. to 1s. 7d. Men who have to feed themselves cannot do it on this money; having regard to the rise in prices, in our opinion the allowance should have been increased, not reduced.

The Badge of Honour.

The men who have fought for us and returned home are proud of the little ribbons under their shoulder straps that distinguish the hero. We are sorry to note that some officers who have not yet smelled powder compel our warriors to remove the innocent badges. The other day, at Sizewell, we were rather pained to notice a regimental police-[illegible] ripping the ribbons off three men, under the eyes of passers-by.

[illegible]ulation issu[illegible]

Where Are the Dentists?

Complaint after complaint reaches us from soldiers who have had all their teeth extracted by the medical authorities for one reason or another, and who are left toothless—in many cases to the great detriment of their health. When they call attention to their pitiable state, they are told that they may pay for artificial dentures if they wish. Some time ago, the Soldiers' Dental Aid Society furnished such men with teeth free, but for some inscrutable reason the War Office stepped in and by order deprived the men of this benefit. Why?

A Shipping Scandal.

Some of the Ferry Companies show scant sympathy for our troops. We are told that forty of them, with their friends, recently arrived at a ferry just in time to miss the last regular boat, and a moment after the ticket office had closed. The skipper of one of the boats demanded a shilling from each of the men and women before he would allow them on board. As the soldiers were supposed to be in quarters at midnight, those who had the money paid it, and those who had not were compelled to tramp about all night, reporting themselves next day. On the facts as represented to us, it *does* seem hard that a whole day's pay should be demanded from our soldiers for a penny ferry trip.

Messed Up Mess Matters.

Tommy must not think he has all the grouses to himself—his "superior" sometimes enters the field. At one of our large training schools for young officers, who are each charged 4s. 8d. a day by the contractor for mess expenses, it sometimes happens that officers are away on duty for several days in the week, and therefore have no food at their mess—yet they are called upon to pay for the rations that they did not consume. The victims should see that the Commanding Officer moves in the matter.

Soldiers and Sailors Too.

The Marine is popular with both Services, but his modern auxiliary of the R.N.D., when amongst troops abroad, sadly discovers that he is regarded as neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. In the spring of last year, a force of the Division was sent to Gallipoli, and put in eight months of good work. After the evacuation, they looked forward to a rest; but they were not to have it. They were ordered to the island which was condemned by General Munro, where they were drilled like niggers. They were then sent on a 48-hours' rail journey, with very short rations and no water. When the train stopped it was surrounded by a guard of 50 men with fixed bayonets, to prevent the soldiers—or sailors, or whatever they are officially considered—from alighting to purchase even an orange. However, they are now at another front, where it appears likely that they will be [illegible]

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20,000 Gold-Filled Glasses at Less than Half - Cost.

EYESIGHT TESTED FREE!!!

The greatest Optical Sale of the year is now on. At the Adrian Grey Optical Institute, 20,000 Gold-filled Glasses are to be disposed of at merely nominal prices.

The Adrian Grey Optical Institute (sole proprietors of the celebrated Irisoptic Lenses) was founded for the express purpose of providing expert optical advice and aid to the thousands of workers who have been prevented by the high fees usually charged from obtaining the best available assistance for their eyes, and with this Sale Mr. Adrian Grey opens his great campaign in London against High Prices in War-Time.

EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Every pair of glasses sold during this sale bears a 10 years' guarantee, so that the lenses can be changed at any time if required without additional cost. These glasses represent the last word in Optical Science. They are of exquisite workmanship and construction, they are light and comfortable to wear, and the lenses are ground from a specially prepared Crown crystal, which is cool and soothing to the eyes, besides rectifying sight troubles and giving a clear and distinct vision. The glasses are made in all shapes and sizes and in six different styles, so that everyone can be sure of obtaining just the glasses that will suit them. To illustrate the enormous reduction in prices, which is the keynote of this Sale, it may be mentioned that you can be supplied with a pair of Adrian Grey gold-filled glasses at the merely nominal price of 5s. 3d. (Even when compound lenses are necessary, the cost is but slightly more.) Surely economy in Optical charges could go no further.

HAVE YOUR SIGHT TESTED GRATIS.

A special feature of this Sale is the Free Examination and Sight-Testing offered to every visitor. Every day during the Sale, from 9 a.m. to 7 p.m., Mr. Adrian Grey himself, assisted by his experienced staff, will be in attendance, and his services and 20 years of experience will be placed at your disposal absolutely free. He will examine your eyes. He will diagnose the trouble, if any, and if you require glasses (but not unless) he will prescribe for you just the glasses your sight requires and will see that you are fitted with them.

PERSONAL ADVICE THROUGH THE POST.

[illegible]drian Grey hopes that everyone [illegible] Sale

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

J. T. F. (Islington).—We would certainly intern all Germhuns in this country; but don't forget that many spies here are probably other than those regarded as alien enemies.

R. F. (Hackney).—The correct pronunciation of the name of Scheer, the Germhun admiral, is "Scare"; but he can't scare Jellicoe and Beatty.

"PURLEY" (Purley) says he is glad the Government saved up his Whit Monday holiday till August. The weather gave him the "fantods," whatever that may be.

"SERGT.-MAJOR" (Gillingham).—Perhaps the *Evening News* was right in saying of Lord Kitchener that people did not love him as they loved "Bobs." "Bobs" was bright and breezy; Kitchener always gave an impression of frigidity. But he was a great man.

MRS. A. H. (S. Harrow) says that "when man has spent all his strength women will win this war in a bloodless battle." Can't quite follow.

T. L. (Hereford).—As you say, labourers earning 5½d. an hour have to pay as much for their food as munition workers at £5 a week.

"CONSTANT READER" (Putney).—Asquithiations sounds like a new word. We know the symptoms, however.

J. W. (Leigh).—Afraid "nothing can be done to stop Germhun-American artistes travelling about this country." They are supposed to be neutrals.

M. M. B. (Nunhead).—You are right; "JOHN BULL ought to be more read." Meanwhile, we don't grumble at our circ. of 1,350,000.

S. V. M. (Shanghai).—We do not think "the Government is unpatriotic." Its trouble is being blind in one eye.

"ROYAL FUSILIER" (Base Hospital) advises Provost Dunlop, of Glasgow, to "go into the trenches for a week and see whether *he* could have too many comforts."

MISS M. F. P. (London, W.).—Perhaps, in your own words, God will still use Lord Kitchener "in conquering the Germhun devils."

J. H. (St. Annes).—"Act and be quick" is certainly a better policy than "Wait and See"; if the acting is all right, that is.

"ALFRED" (A.-u.-Lyne).—"Each man is captain of his soul, And each man his own crew, But the Pilot knows the unknown Seas, And He will bring us through."

"MOTHER" (Dorset).—It is true that in giving their sons, the mothers give their all, and have to "pay nearly double for everything."

"LIBRE" (London).—"Make no mistake, Black Friday, August 18th, 1916, ends the war." We won't.

"CLARE" (Chiswick).—". . . May your days be prolonged, To stand up for the wronged, And condemn all the rotters who prey; Here's wishing you luck, Lots of strength for your pluck, Many happy returns of the day." You are a lovely poet.

A. R. (Sanderstead).—There's no getting away from the fact that the Germhun High Seas Fleet has had a high seas flit.

C. O. L. (W. Kensington).—"We want fewer lawyers and more philosophers in the Government." As a choice, we would rather the lawyers carried on this war than the philosophers. President Wilson is a philosopher.

C. B. B. (Broadstairs) asks us, in view of Lord Kitchener's death, to ascertain "what have been the movements lately" of a certain noble peer; but even his lordship is entitled to protection against unjust suspicions.

"A MUNITION WORKER" (Edinburgh).—You were asked to take no Whitsun holiday because your work is of national importance. M.P.s took a holiday for the contrary reason.

M. O. (Dublin).—There is no comparison between the Irish and the South African rebellions. The rebel Dutch had not yet learned to appreciate the benefits of British rule. The rebel Irish had refused to.

"WESTY" (Belvedere).—"How long could Great Britain hold out if subjected to a complete blockade by a hostile nation?" Can't say. We never know what we *can* do till we try.

C. Y. (Liverpool).—That many people are making too much out of the war really to wish it over sounds horrible, but we fear it is none the less true.

A. B. (London, S.E.) asserts that not three men joined the Army from the town in the West of Ireland which John Dillon practically owns, Ballaghadereen. A bally disgrace.

MRS. J. M. B. (Wembley, N.W.).—You must be a very sanguine lady if you think the Yankees would dare to do anything so drastic as seize the German ships lying in American ports. We fear that, notwithstanding his barking, President Wilson is too proud to bite.

"ANXIOUS" (Westerhope).—You want to know what you "have to do with a penny dated for 1864"? Oh—give it to a blind man.

C. S. (W. Rochdale).—The population of the British Empire exceeds 426,000,000. The population of China is a close second.

S. H. (East Oxford).—Your idea of collecting and pulping old boots to make tough leather for repairing purposes may be sound, but old boots seem to be a rarity nowadays—at any rate, so far as the girls are concerned, bless their dainty tootsics.

A. H. (Grays).—Immediately prior to the war the standing army of Germany numbered 672,000, and of Russia approximately 1,500,000 men. The Austria-Hungarian army stood at 425,881.

H. G. (Plymouth).—Not only the laws as regards illegitimacy, but also those appertaining to divorce will need to be relaxed if the appalling wastage of human life now taking place is to be rapidly restored and the birth-rate given a healthy upward impetus.

A. J. B. (Eastbourne).—Mistresses exact the extra daylight hour in the morning from domestic servants, but cut off the evening hour? If they do, they are thieves of time, and robbers of their servants' rights.

PTE. A. R. (B.E.F.) says he is the brother of the clerk whose experiences with the National Union of Shop Assistants, etc., we have ventilated under the heading, "Brotherly." You are both good plucked 'uns, so may fortune smile on you!

"ONE OF THE OPPRESSED."—"It would be more to our credit if we followed in the footsteps of Ramsay Mac." You would be less "oppressed" if you got out of his track. Such men as he thrive upon such men as you. Think it over.

J. S. (Liverpool).—Men who say that only (blank) fools join the Army, and swear they will not go till fetched, should be fetched quickly. Glad their appeals were dismissed.

CORP. A. E. W. (Parkstone).—Exemptions do seem easy to obtain at Poole. We have already spoken pretty plainly about the young men swarming in Bournemouth, who are out with the girls instead of out with the boys. Those girls have shocking bad taste.

"WALKERVILLE" tells us that the Wallsend Town Council passed a resolution of admiration for the Navy's great fight, yet, when a destroyer, sore hurt but victorious, came hobbling into port, the heroes, in sore straits, were permitted to seek shelter in an hotel without welcome and without aid. Wallsend Council seems to believe in words, not deeds.

"THE QUEEN'S MEN" (Bombay).—Don't worry about Sir Thomas Holdich's silly remark on "inexperienced Territorials," made last October. By this time he knows better.

"EX-SOLDIER" (Hammersmith).—Your plan to finish the war in a day is to order every soldier at the front to charge at a given signal, and keep the Huns on the move all the way to Berlin. It might work if the Huns agreed.

"TRAVELLER."—Afraid we cannot stop Americans from making fortunes out of our necessities. But it will be our turn later on.

V. M. (Dawlish).—Can't help it if you are "disappointed in us." The constant cackle of the Bishop of London about things that hardly matter in war-time makes us positively tired.

B. M. (Islington).—In deeming it "certainly curious" that the principal dates in the lives of the two Kaisers added up to the same total of 3,832, the journal in question was only finding a mare's nest. 3,832 is just twice 1916, and selected "principal dates" in everybody's life will add up to the same number.

To give an example:—

John Smith,	born	1875
" "	married	1906
" "	age (years) ..	41
" "	read "J.B." (yrs.)	10
		3832

W. R. (Sidmouth).—You go a leetle too far with your charge of high treason against certain members of the Government. We agree that there must be a "mysterious hand" somewhere at work, but do not think it is attached to the notability (or nonentity, if you like) you name.

H. H. B. (London, E.C.).—What do you think Ulster would say if Dublin were dethroned and Cork made the capital of Ireland instead? Your suggestion contributes nothing to the solution of the Irish problem. On the contrary, it would be likely to complicate it.

E. P. (Ramsgate).—So cats should be taxed because they are "a luxury." If you'd heard our neighbours' cats discussing the birth-rate problem on the tiles last night you would not call them a luxury, but a—er—, it's very warm to-day.

"CITIZEN" (Manchester).—Vanity, a constant yearning for the limelight, and a restless spirit were probably the keys to Countess Markiewicz's temperament.

R. D. (Comber).—Many working men would not agree with your contention that "it is strife and riot that keep our working men down."

"PHŒNE" (Birmingham).—Sorry you don't promise to be famous as a poet. Try darning socks.

"CONSTANT READER" (Ryde).—If you will forward your name to our Publishers, they will write you direct.

W. B. (Glasgow).—The combing of the munitions works has begun. It will result in many a parting.

"IRISH" (Kensington, W.) writes: "You are a darling." Oh, help!

W. R. (Catford).—We should hesitate to designate the planting of shrubs around a munitions factory as war work. As you suggest, it is probably done to dissipate war profits and evade taxation.

W. H. O. (Leith).—Cannot you understand that a white girl married to an Indjan is no wife at all in Indian eyes? She would be the lowest creature in the harem, scorned by the very cookmaids.

"IRRWELL" (Newcastle).—"How far is it true that our bakers are being taken into the Army and interned German bakers put into their place?" Quite far enough.

PRIVATE McC. (Dover) AND OTHERS.—You are quite at liberty to fill in your "Bullets" coupon with indelible pencil.

W. W. G. (Braintree).—Alas, Kitchener can never be one of the Imperial Nine for whom we pleaded!

"GRIT" (Stockton-on-Tees).—The Latin word "Novocastrian" simply means a Newcastleite. We should call *you* a Stockton-on-Teeser.

J. D. (Liverpool).—Where's the sense in chewing the rag over what was done in Ireland in the old days?

J. THOMAS JONES (No. 1 War Hospital, Reading, Berks).—Two letters addressed to you have been returned through the post as "unknown." Kindly communicate with our Pen Department.

G. T. R. (Hampstead, N.W.).—Useless to employ Conscientious Objectors on the land. Since they refuse to kill Germans, how could they be expected to kill the other kinds of vermin which trouble the farmer?

"SISTER ANNE" (Gt. Yarmouth).—Excuse us, but your friend who wrote you from Putney to the effect that "if our battleships venture out (*venture* out, forsooth!) they will be destroyed as the merchant ships are," and that "German submarines have the absolute control of the North Sea," is either a frigid liar or a credulous idiot who has been listening to lies spread by German agents.

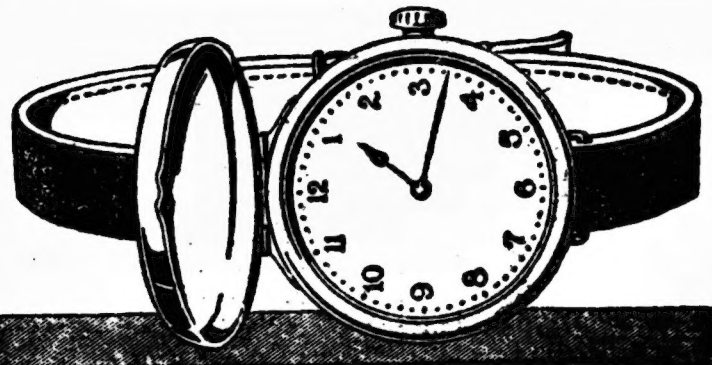
"PROUD MOTHER."—Whether your little boy and girl are getting too old for one bed it is not for us to decide. Nor for any interfering old maid. Consult *Everywoman's*.

"A FEW OF THE OLD BRIGADE" (Erdington).—Thanks for photo showing you all so merry and bright. It is not surprising, seeing that almost every man jack of you has a copy of this paper in his hand. We observe that the group was taken "before it was developed," and thank you for the wish that we may continue to increase our "exposures." Good old Erdington! How is Mason's Orphanage going on?

CORP. C. S. (Bethnal Green).—The West London Magistrate, who said there was nothing but the workhouse for the children of a soldier whose wife is in prison, was quite wrong. The S. and S.F.A. declare that in no circumstances shall any soldier's children go to the workhouse. They will attend to this case and all others.

W. G. (Norwich) informs us that he's "got a fat tongue and wet lips." We trust he will keep them to himself.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)



THE T.S. TIME SAVING WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

Clasps over the Watch. Does not encompass it.

FOR ALL WEARERS OF WRIST WATCHES

The T.S. is a *real* protector—not an inelegant case. Looks neat when attached—not a bulky appearance. Attached and detached in a few seconds. Opens by an up-movement of the thumb; closes automatically

The T.S. is a sure shield against watch damage. It is a watch saver as well as a protector. Saves the watch from all risk of injury; protects the glass, hands and face from being smashed.

BRITISH MADE BY A BRITISH FIRM.

Made in three popular sizes. 1/- In Khaki or Nickel. 1/6 In Leather.

Sold by all Jewellers, Silversmiths, Cutlers, Stores, etc.

or direct from sole licensees:—

JOHN WARRILLOW Ltd., Hampton House, BIRMINGHAM.
The leading Jewellers' Sundriesmen Printers. Wholesale Stationers

T.H.A.C.

Hall's Wine

"I owe my life to it"

Restores Nerve Force

There's no mistaking the signals of worn-out nerves, restlessness, irritability, insomnia; you all know them. Neglect them and breakdown follows, with all its danger, misery and expense.

Hall's Wine never fails

to steady and strengthen the nerves, simply because Hall's Wine tones up the entire system by enriching the blood and helping you to get full benefit from the food you eat.

"I had a nervous breakdown last year," writes a sufferer, "and after being under the doctor three months and feeling no better, I tried a course of Hall's Wine, and owe my life to it." *(Letter on file.)*

Large size Bottle, 3s. 6d.

Of all Wine Merchants, and Licensed Grocers, &c.

STEPHEN SMITH & Co., LTD., BOW, LONDON.

589

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRIZES!

No. | Closing Date, Thursday, June 29th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(194) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 194, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. | Closing Date, Thursday, June 29th.

Example .....

Bullet .....

Example .....

Bullet .....

(194) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 195. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JULY 6th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **195** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. **195**, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 195.

ADMIRAL JELLICOE WINNING
GETTING THINNER
AFTER THE PARTY
COMING FAST
MY WIFE'S TONGUE
MAKING SAUSAGES
WATCHING THE BATHERS
A CLOSE RACE
RUNNING SHORT
BEFORE THE WAR
LADY DETECTIVE
MAKES FATHER GRUMBLE
SHABBY TREATMENT
TAKING IN LODGERS
TRYING IT ON
AMATEUR ACTORS
A WET NIGHT
TURKISH BATH
GERMANY'S PEACE TALK

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 194.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY
KNOWING SMILE
THE DAY OFF
GERMAN SPIES
FILLING HIS PLACE
CARRIES WEIGHT
ON THE ROCKS
PICKING UP
RETIRING IN DISORDER
ON HIS MAJESTY'S SERVICE
WHEN TOMMY'S ON LEAVE
MY WIFE'S MOTHER
SPOILT CHILD
MOST CONFUSING WHEN
VILLAGE FIRE-BRIGADE
WAITING
CALLING FOR GIRLS
AT THE SEASIDE
GERMAN BAND
PRICE OF PEACE
TEACHING HER SWIMMING
WAKING FATHER
NOT FLEET ENOUGH
BOARDING-HOUSE BEDS
MERRY WIDOW
PUTTING UP PRICES
DROPPING OFF
NURSING THE TWINS
FINDING HUBBY OUT
SHOCKS THE KAISER

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will guide you:—

Example:—
WAKING FATHER.
Bullet:—
NOT EASY SUNDAY MORNING.

Example:—
AT THE SEASIDE.
Bullet:—
ALGY IN KHAKI.

Example:—
MOST CONFUSING WHEN.
Bullet:—
FOUND OUT.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated July 15th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S" dated June 24th.

RESULT OF 192ND BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250 :—

Miss L. MERRITT,
44, Emscote Avenue, Halifax, Yorks.
Example :—GERMANY'S SHORTAGE.
Bullet :—MAKES "DOG" EAT "DOG."

SECOND PRIZE OF £50 :—

Mr. Wm. LINDSAY,
90, Rice Lane, Liverpool.
Example :—LOOKING AFTER TOMMY.
Bullet :—"OTHER PAPERS PLEASE COPY."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25 :—

Miss S. HALL,
Rose Villa, Radcliffe-on-Trent.
Example :—LOOKING AFTER TOMMY.
Bullet :—MANY "ASSOCIATIONS" FORMED.

FIVE PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mrs. A. LOVE, 3, Salisbury Terrace, Darlington :
EXTRAVAGANT DRESS—THEN PLOT DOESN'T MATTER.
Mr. A. EDWARDS, 112, Richmond Road, Ilford, Essex :
SECOND IN COMMAND—NAVVY'S FORK DURING MEALS.
Mr. G. PICKERING, 26, Markeaton Street, Derby :
GERMANY'S SHORTAGE—FOOD RISING, "SHARES" FALLING.
Mr. H. PARRIS, Fernside, Victoria Rd., Bexley, Kent :
GERMANY'S SHORTAGE—TICKLIS FOR "REDUCED FARE."
Mr. JAMES ROBB, 15, Rosslie Place, Edinburgh :
MEATLESS DAYS—I'D PREFER FLAGLESS DAYS.

TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH :—

Mr. WM. THOMPSON, Solway View, Flimby, Maryport :
NO LIGHT MATTER—HOUSEAGENT'S "FEW MINUTES' WALK."
Mr. E. WATSON, 26, Dewsbury Crescent, Chiswick, W. :
A BAD SITUATION—A "GENERAL" WITHOUT "FOLLOWERS."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. E. THOMPSON, 198, Strand Road, Preston, Lancs. :
FULL SPEED AHEAD—COALMAN'S PRICES—IN SEPTEMBER.
Mr. T. O. JONES, 22, Syren Street, Kirkdale, Liverpool :
A FAT LOT—STEPMOTHER'S OWN CHILDREN.
Mr. ALBERT KEMBER, 6, Fort Buildings, Southwark Park Road, London, S.E. :
WAR TROUBLES—"DARNING" WON'T "MEND" THINGS.
Mr. A. BUTCHER, 37, Penge Road, South Norwood, S.E. :
TIME WILL TELL—ESPECIALLY IN LAWYER'S BILL.
Mrs. E. CURRAN, Braeside, Port Glasgow :
FIT TO SERVE—SO SHOPMAN "SHUTS UP."
Mr. HY. KING, 16, Thorn Lane, Norwich :
MEATLESS DAYS—COMPLAINTS BY THE "GROSS."
Mr. WM. IRVING, 32, Strawberry Road, Pendleton, Manchester :
TIME WILL TELL—BUT WOMAN "BEATS" IT.
Mr. E. H. WORT, 7, Chalk Hill, Oxhey, Watford, Herts :
FULL SPEED AHEAD—NIPPER PRAYS—COLD NIGHTS.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 29th.
Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(194) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
Signed .....
Address .....
If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets No. 194," "John Bull." Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, June 29th.
Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....
(194) P.O. No. .....
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.
Signed .....
Address .....
If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of **£200**

Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ... **£100**

Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding **£350**

Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to **£25**

Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to **£10**

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

June 24th, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day (*Strike out one of these.*) June 24, 1916.

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of.....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

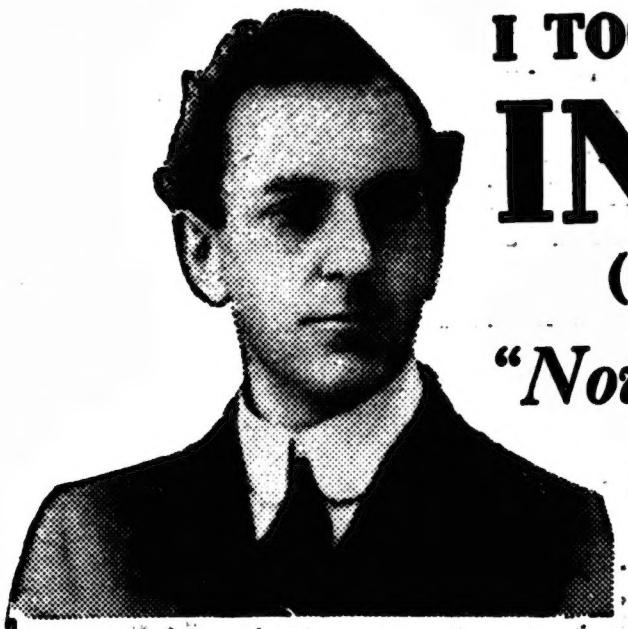
—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....
Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address .....
.....

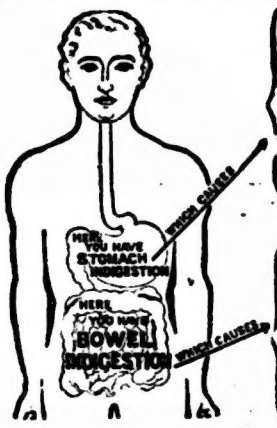


I TOOK CICFA—the ONLY CURE for INDIGESTION (in STOMACH & BOWEL).

"Now I eat whatever I desire." "I wish all Indigestion Sufferers to know that every word I say is true."

READ THE EXPLANATION.—If you are suffering from Indigestion, whatever the cause may be, you are likely to think that a remedy which cures others may not suit your case, because you think yours is different, and your symptoms may be different; but the root causes of all cases of uncomplicated Indigestion are always the same, that is, there is not enough of the Digestive Ferments which Nature must have to digest the Albuminous food in the Stomach and also to digest the Starchy food in the Bowel.

Without these Digestive Ferments, one person will suffer with Heartburn, Wind and Gas-Rising, White-coated Tongue, Sharp Headache, Blotched Complexion, Red Nose, Flushed Face, etc., while another will suffer from Flatulence, Bilious symptoms, caused by obstructed Bile Circulation, Acidity with teeth on edge, and attacks of Gout and Rheumatism, and Constipation with all the misery which it causes; but, whether you have some or all of these symptoms, YOU CAN BE PERFECTLY CURED ONLY BY A REMEDY WHICH CONTAINS NATURE'S DIGESTIVE FERMENTS.



GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired.
Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation with all its misery.

Without those ferments you may "happen" to get well, but with them you cannot fail to be cured, and THOSE FERMENTS ARE FOUND ONLY IN CICFA.

Mr. David realises these facts, and, having known the sufferings from Indigestion, and the joy of health, with the pleasure of eating what he pleases, he wishes all sufferers to know that Cicfa cured him, and that his words are true.

NOW READ MR. DAVID'S WORDS:

Dear Sirs,—Some time ago I wrote to you for a sample of your indigestion cure, Cicfa. The sample gave me such instant relief that I continued by purchasing the small tubes. I had been suffering from Indigestion for about 2½ years, and had tried several other remedies, but I found them all failures. Then I took Cicfa, and found it necessary to take only three or four tubes, and I was and am now able to eat whatever I desire. I think honestly that Cicfa is a most wonderful cure and deserves the highest praise. I always strongly recommend it to any of my friends that I find are afflicted with Indigestion. I really cannot find words to express my gratitude nor my pleasure at having found a remedy which really cures Indigestion as Cicfa has cured mine. I only hope that if you publish this letter those sufferers from Indigestion who read it will believe that every word I say is true, and will immediately take Cicfa, the only certain cure. Thanking you for my present health and for being able to enjoy life again,—Yours truly,
F. L. DAVID.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

IN WAR TIME your mind affects your Digestion more than you realise. You know how worry often affects the Stomach, indeed, the whole alimentary tract. Nausea and even vomiting often result from anxiety. If you are worried at present (who is not worried?) your digestion is weakened, while, on the other hand, your ability to resist worry is lessened through weak digestion. Keep your digestion perfect, not by taking Purgatives, which upset it, not by Dieting, with consequent Starvation, which increases the Indigestion, but by eating liberally and regularly and taking Cicfa to perfect digestion, because Cicfa alone contains those natural Digestive Ferments which, when present in sufficient quantity, and in absolute purity, make Indigestion impossible and make Digestion perfect and certain. Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s.

DO YOU KNOW

that when you take anything which neutralises the acid in your Stomach you stop digestion, for the Gastric Juice, which Nature pours into the Stomach to digest the food, is very acid, and if you neutralise that acid you destroy its power to digest food, and thus cause Indigestion? These are not our ideas, they are scientific facts of the most serious importance to every sufferer from Indigestion.

GET CICFA NOW, OR TEST IT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address and **one penny stamp for postage,** with this coupon, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CURES INDIGESTION CONSTIPATION FLATULENCE ACIDITY CICFA

The CICFA Coy., 8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

"J.B.,"24/6/16.

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